

August

1939



CHRISTIAN HERALD

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The children are led in prayer by a man of God.

Mont Lawn's beautiful little Chapel

THE PARENTS OF THE NEXT GENERATION



THERE are pitifully few Protestant Churches in the city's slums—in fact judging from the children who have vacations at Mont Lawn it would be safe to say that few Protestant children living in the city slums go to Sunday School or know much about religion. There are probably many reasons why this condition exists—some good but most of them not good enough—nevertheless the condition exists as one of the basic reasons why so much crime and viciousness stem from poverty.

Mont Lawn is interested in the spiritual and mental health as well as the physical health of the children who will be the parents of the next generation—as they grow so will their children go. A vacation at Mont Lawn means an opportunity to grow spiritually, mentally and physically. We are convinced from the results of long years of work at Mont Lawn that even two weeks can make



strong enough impression to influence the living of whole families: through the years men and women have come back to tell us how much Mont Lawn did for them—young men and women have come back to serve as workers and counsellors to the children they understand so well.

Can you think of anything finer to do as a Christian than to make it possible for little children to know about Christ and His love for little children? To give little children the foundation of Christianity that you have had. Do you realize what your Christian background has given you? Do you appreciate the strength and the almost unconscious guidance you have enjoyed because of Christian training in your childhood?

CLIP THIS COUPON
NOW TO REMIND YOU

Christian Herald Children's Home
Business Office, 419 Fourth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Friend:—Fill every seat in Mont Lawn's Chapel—let these children hear the story of Christ and His love for little children. I send you

Name

Address

Let us take as many children to Mont Lawn as we can— We have a message no child must miss because His servants failed them.

Are you..

SCATTER-BRAINED?

Lacking in Initiative?



Unable to CONCENTRATE?

WEAK IN MEMORY?

SELF-CONSCIOUS?

THIS BOOK SHOWS YOU HOW TO:

Banish mind-wandering, day-dreaming, and develop a new capacity for

CONCENTRATION

that enables you to think straight, stick to the problem at hand, get more done.

Overcome the time-waste and embarrassment of a "mind like a sieve."

MEMORY

that holds like a steel trap—delivers facts, names, words and numbers quickly and accurately.

Shake off the feeling of inferiority and failure that springs from

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

and make your mind so confident that you take your part in affairs without hesitation or timidity.

Free yourself from "weather-ervane" changeability, uncertainty and weakness, through greater

STRENGTH OF WILL

that comes from knowing your own mind, how to make it help you act with force and decision.

Take a prominent and respected place in any group, business or social, through

CONVERSATION

that reveals an interesting, well-trained, original mind that has ideas worth listening to.

Strengthen your mind against brain-fag and confusion with renewed

MENTAL ENERGY

to meet the heaviest demands for straight, hard thinking—with no mental let-down afterward.

Sharpen your mind to a keen sense of balance and values, so that your powers of

JUDGMENT

will be reliable, weighing facts and circumstances carefully, giving you a sound basis for everything you do.

Conquer any tendency to sit back and let others always take the lead, by bringing your

INITIATIVE

to the fore—giving your mind greater courage, more aggressiveness, stronger confidence to act "on your own." Systematize your thinking, get your mental house in order,

Your Mind AND HOW TO USE IT..

... Brings You the Amazing Knowledge That in 40 Years Has Helped Over 800,000 People to Banish Mind Weakness, Gain NEW Powers of Will, Concentration, Memory, Success!

WHICH of these "Mind-Weaknesses" are keeping YOU from getting ahead? Does gnawing self-consciousness obstruct your every move? Does a "memory like a sieve" continually embarrass you? Is indecision the handicap that makes your superiors unwilling to trust you with anything but dull, routine work?

MILLIONS of people let their minds condemn them to LIFETIMES of failure. Lives barren of happiness, friendships. Lives burdened with boredom, debt. Lives wholly devoid of LIFE!

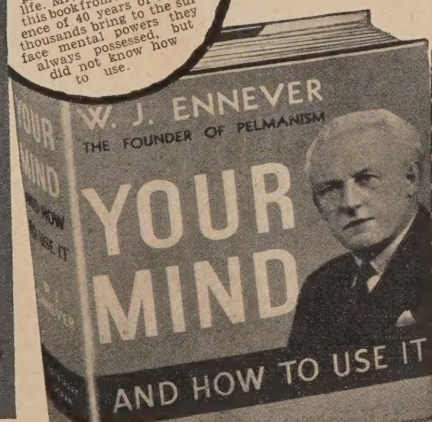
Is lack of initiative slowly forcing you to accept an existence like that? Is your failure to concentrate causing a LACK of results? Do you fear that you will soon be joining the "9 out of 10" who never learned to MAKE the MOST of their minds?

Let This Amazing Book Help You!

But you CAN make your mind the powerful driving force that it CAN be! And you can do it quickly and easily with the help of an amazing system of mind-strengthening and memory-building based upon the 40 years' experience of a man who has helped 800,000 others—and which now, for the first time, is set forth within the covers of a single great book! A glance at the panel at the left will give you an idea of this book's all-embracing scope!

Who Is W.J. Ennever?

FOUNDER of Pelmanism—the system of mental training translated into many languages, and with branches established in six countries. Used by more than 800,000 people in every walk of life. Mr. Ennever has written this book from the vast experience of 40 years of helping thousands bring to the surface mental powers they always possessed, but did not know how to use.



How This Book Works

W. J. Ennever, the author of *Your Mind and How to Use It*, is world-famous as the founder of Pelmanism—the renowned system of mind- and memory-training. Now he has made his tremendous wealth of experience available to everyone. Step by step his book delves into the workings of your mind—page by page it brings out the secrets that can endow you with mental efficiency—give you a lightning-action memory—bring wandering powers of concentration back into focus—banish self-consciousness and feelings of inferiority—and by doing these things MULTIPLY TEN-FOLD your chances for success!

Mere Education is NOT the Answer!

Mr. Ennever's method is a scientific, fact-founded analysis of YOUR OWN mental processes. It is not "education" or "learning"—but it ENABLES you to LEARN HOW TO LEARN. And then REMEMBER what you have learned. And then USE what you have remembered, with increased effectiveness! In every one of its 108 divisions there is set forth in clear, simple language the easily mastered processes by which YOU can NOW make use of mental powers you never knew existed!

Either Mr. Ennever's vast experience in the field of mind training CAN and WILL help you or you pay nothing for having made the investigation. Put *Your Mind and How to Use It* on trial—in your mind—for five days—FREE!

SEND NO MONEY

Merely mail the coupon below—without payment. When your copy of *Your Mind and How to Use It* arrives (in its plain container)—read it for 5 days. If, after this examination, you do not honestly believe that it can do more to change your whole life than any other book you have ever read—return it to us without further obligation. Otherwise, after 5 days, send only \$1 and the balance in two payments—\$1 one month later, and 95 cents one month after that.

You take absolutely no risk if you mail this coupon now! DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc., Dept. C.H.8, Garden City, New York.

5 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.
Dept. C. H. 8, Garden City, New York.

Please send me at once, for 5 days' reading, *Your Mind and How to Use It*, by W. J. Ennever. When my copy arrives (in plain container) I will read it for 5 days. If I then wish to return it, I may do so and there will be no obligation. Otherwise I will send you only \$1 as first payment—\$1 one month later—and 95 cents one month after that, as payment in full.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Check here if for convenience you prefer making one remittance instead of three, and enclose check or money order for \$2.95 as payment in full. Same 5-day money-back privilege applies, of course.



Does the interior of your church measure up to the standards you would demand in your home? Or do you tolerate cracked plaster—discolored and dingy decoration—bad acoustics—discomfort—in your house of worship? *One* wall and ceiling covering—NU-WOOD—will make your church a place of beauty—comfort—quiet. Nu-Wood, with its soft colors, provides permanent decoration, quiets noise and corrects bad acoustics. It also insulates, increasing comfort the year around!



Nu-Wood goes on easily, quickly. It is amazingly inexpensive—and remember, it eliminates the need for re-decoration. Today, the new Kolor-Trim Moldings—pre-decorated wood moldings ready to apply—lower the cost of Nu-Wood still further, since with Nu-Wood and Kolor-Trim complete interior decoration is done without “extras.” You owe it to yourself—and to your church—to get all the facts about Nu-Wood. Mail the coupon!



WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY

Room 161-B First National Bank Bldg.
St. Paul, Minnesota

Gentlemen: Please send me information and illustration about Nu-Wood for:

☐ New Construction ☐ Remodeling

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

STAMPS ...

By Winthrop Adams

ADD to your Christian Herald list of religious stamps the following: *Brazil*—Father Anchista—No. 394-97—\$.65 mint; *Panama*—Cathedral—No. 317. Price, \$.02 mint; *Bavaria*—Madonna—No. 247—\$.05 mint; *Hungary*—Kosics Cathedral—No. 797—\$.18 mint; *Transylvania*—No. 186—\$.15 mint; *Honduras*—Mayan Temple—No. 491—\$.21 mint; *Honduras*—Friends' Cathedral—No. 159—\$.02 mint; *Rumania*—No. 563—\$.06 mint; *Monaco*—Cathedral—No. 159—\$.02; *U. S.*—Roger Williams—No. 777—\$.08 mint.

Add to your wild animals list these: *North Borneo*—Monkey—No. 196—\$.05 mint; *North Borneo*—Outan—No. 199—\$.14 mint; *Greenland*—Polar Bear—No. 6—\$.12 mint; *Bolivia*—Llamas—No. 251—\$.02 mint; *Vicuna*—252—\$.02 mint; *Chinchilla*—No. 261—\$.04; *Jaguar*—No. 267—\$.24 mint.

Belgium has just issued a new set of Orval Abbey (religious) stamps, and Netherlands has two new ones commemorating St. Willibrordus. These have not yet been assigned catalogue numbers.

Stamp Orders

We are in receipt of several letters containing long lists of stamps which our readers ask us to buy for them. This, much as we would like to do it, is a service we cannot possibly render. We will do our best to fill the orders we have already received, but hereafter we must refer you to the dealers. We're sorry—but if we were to go into the stamp-purchasing business for all our 600 Club members, we wouldn't have time to get out your *Christian Herald*!

The Album

The Christian Herald Loose Leaf Album is proving a success; the Club seems to like the first five buff-colored sheets just printed. Five sheets for a quarter.

Please note that these are only the printed, loose-leaf sheets—we do not give the stamps to go on these loose-leaf sheets.

Incidentally, that list of maps-in-stamps, just mailed free to Stamp Club members, does not include the stamps mentioned on the list. We give you the list of stamps; you get the stamps. Non-clubbers may have a copy of the list for the price of a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

List Additions

Panama Commemorative

Are you a first-day cover fan? If so you'll want one of the new Panama Canal Zone stamps to be issued August 15. Forward your self-addressed envelope, which will be mailed back to you, to the Navy Mail Clerk, U. S. S. *Charleston*, care of Postmaster, New York City. He must have your envelopes by August first.

Uncanceled stamps of this issue may be obtained through the Philatelic Agency, Washington, D. C.

International Stamp?

Daniel C. Roper, U. S. Minister to Canada, is suggesting to the State Department that Canada and the U. S. issue identical postage stamps to commemorate the visit of England's King and Queen and the 125 years of peace between the two countries.

Postmaster General McLarty of Ottawa is enthusiastic about it—so it may happen. If it does, it will be the first really international stamp ever issued. It's a good idea. There might be a lot of peace propaganda sown, internationally, through the philatelists.

Question Box

(Note: Readers desiring personal answers must enclose self-addressed return envelope with their questions.—W. A.)

Mrs. M. H., Wis.: Is a stamp that has been hinged worthless? Ans.: No, not worthless, but just worth a little less than one not hinged. Use mounts like Super-H for more valuable stamps; hinges will not matter much on the cheaper stamps.

J. R., Pa.: Would you sell copies of your list of Stamp Club members? Ans.: No, we can't do that. It would commercialize the Club, and we want to keep it a *Christian Herald*-family affair.

L. B., Pa.: Will you send me the name of a dealer selling a good loose-leaf album, at about \$1.00? Ans.: That's pretty cheap, but try the Naribo Series, which includes sets of pages for most large countries. Any good dealer has them. Globus, Frasek, Scott, in New York City, can help you. Address them care of us.

E. T., N. J.: Will you help me sell my collection? I haven't much, but would you look at it and state value? Ans.: See note on this in Column above. We're sorry to have to say "No."

W. A., Maine: Can I still use the Red Cross stamp for postage? Ans.: Yes. Any stamp issued by the Government and bearing the words "U. S. Postage," is valid for postage.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING



ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

THE DECLINE IN MORALS

Is the present decline in public and mass morals wholly unrelated to the increased prevalence of the preaching of science and the social gospel? Do we not need a clear call for men and women to forsake their sins and accept their Saviour?

WE DO need a clear call for men and women to forsake their sins and accept their Saviour. I hope that here and nowhere else my own ministry in pulpit and parish will always center. The Gospel is whole; there is no "social gospel" and there is no "personal gospel." The Gospel is one; it is a fundamental and divine unity. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is *first* of all personal but it is *always* social. We do well to talk about a better world, a Christian world; we do well to lend ourselves to every worthy effort seeking to improve the social order. But there can be no better world without better men and better women, there can be no Christian social order without Christian men and women. To have the new world we must have new world builders. I would not ask, ever, that there be less preaching of the social gospel or less attention given to science, but there must be *increased* attention paid to the fundamentals of human life and to this preeminent business of the Christian ministry.

THE COST OF ARMAMENTS

Dr. Poling, do you not think that if money spent on warships, armaments, etc., were spent in getting industry started, we would both solve the depression and promote peace?

I OF course agree with the one asking this question—the answer is implied in the question. My answer is decisively "yes." The problem itself is not so simple.

MINISTERING SPIRITS

Recently I lost my wife. Again and again in these days of sorrow I have been conscious, definitely conscious, of her presence with me. I do not feel that she is away. May I reasonably conclude, as a Christian, that there is such companionship of the spirit? Is there any book aside from the Bible that might help me?

I THINK that the one asking this question is fully justified in his conclusion. I have the same sense of the presence of departed loved ones, and I believe that there is scriptural authority for this profound conviction: "Are there not ministering spirits?" However these experiences may not be reduced to the experimentation

of the physical laboratory. They do not resolve themselves into scientific research. They are beyond and above these things. God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. When we so worship, the spiritual world comes very close to us.

As to books, the most interesting and convincing with which I am acquainted in this field is "Personality Survives Death." This book is published by Longmans, Green and Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN

Who wrote the Book of Revelation?

I HAVE no sympathy for certain "scholars" or "pseudo-scholars." I know that many ideas are being expressed. I still believe that "St. John the Divine" wrote the Book of Revelation.

GOD IS ALWAYS READY

Is it right to turn to God to ask for His healing and His help when we are in desperate sickness, if we have neglected the Church and forgotten our Christian faith while we are well?

IT IS always right to turn to God. When anyone raises this question, realizing that there has been indifference and neglect and denial, it is all to the credit of the one asking the question. The fact that there is this concern, that there is this significant remorse, is of value in the experience of the individual.

But it is never too late to turn to the Heavenly Father. Always His hands are extended in welcome, even as the Prodigal Son found the arms of his father opened to him.

WHAT OUR WARS HAVE COST US

What has been the cost of war to the United States? Are there any reliable figures?

HERE are some figures that are at least reliable—they come from a report of the United States Veterans' Administration:

Pensions and veteran benefits from 1790 to 1938, or a little less than 150 years:

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\$22,759,941,037.34. Last year, 1938, 836,953 veterans were given assistance in the amount of \$402,768,695.97. Last year the United States Government spent \$122,000 to buy artificial legs for veterans of the World War. Treasury Reports, as compiled by E. Guy Talbott of the World Alliance, indicate that the total cost of the World War to the United States up to 1938 was \$50,879,730,000.

"BENEFITS" (?) OF REPEAL

Is it true that there are more taprooms in the United States than there were saloons before Prohibition?

IT CERTAINLY is true! On the editorial page of the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 13, appears the statement that in Philadelphia there were 1820 liquor licenses in 1919. Today Philadelphia licenses 3043 liquor-selling places.

You will recall that Repealists promised to eliminate the bootlegger. For every legal distillery in the United States, 100 illegal competitors produce bootleg liquor which can be marketed at \$3.25 a gallon less than legal liquor. Dr. Wesley A. Sturges, of the Distilled Spirits Institute, is responsible for the figures.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

Have you figures showing the number of churches of each faith per hundred of church membership?

THE answer to this question must take into consideration the fact that Protestant membership includes only those who are actually church members. The Roman Catholic Church includes all children who have been baptized. There is a synagogue for every 706 Jewish members; a Roman Catholic Church for every 840 Catholics; and a Protestant church for every 150 members. This at least suggests a basic weakness of Protestantism.

JUSTICE FRANKFURTER

What is your attitude toward the appointment of Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court?

HE IS a great constitutional lawyer quite apart from his identification with certain New Deal policies and programs—and quite apart too from the identification of his students with New Deal policies and programs. Again and again in his writings he has defined his position in regard to the United States of America, her form of Government, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

The Best in RADIO Outstanding Programs on August Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Daylight Saving]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
9:30 A.M. The Family Man. Philosophical talks—RED.
12:00 noon Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne. Story of a woman doctor—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Her Honor Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge—CBS.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. Affairs of Anthony. Character building dramas for children—BLUE.
6:05 P.M. The Human Side of the News. Edwin C. Hill—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—BLUE.

SUNDAYS

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft, with Julius Mattfeld—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Inspirational talks from leaders in every denomination—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—RED.
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional service—BLUE.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. On Your Job. Dramas of work and workers—RED.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle choir and organ—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. How our federal government operates—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Interlochen Student Orchestra. Concerts by high school students under direction of famous American conductors—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago. Round Table Discussions—RED.
3:00 P.M. Howard Barlow, directing Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers. Dr. Paul Scherer—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatizations under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
5:00 P.M. The World Today. News round-ups from the world's capitols—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Columbia's Gay Nineties. Songs and stories of the nineties—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Jane Froman, Jan Peerce, and Erno Rapee's orchestra—CBS.
8:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra, Frank Black conducting—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Ford Summer Hour, with James Melton, Francia White and Don Voorhees' orchestra—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. The Haenschen concert orchestra—RED.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talks with music—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News—CBS.

MONDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Religion in Life. Dr. Charles J. Turk—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Interviews with interesting personalities—Alma Hitchell—RED.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Direction Joe Emerson—RED.
5:45 P.M. Adventures in Science. Interviews with scientists on advances in their fields—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, speaker—RED.
7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Tune-Up Time. Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra, Walter O'Keefe and Kay Thompson's choir—CBS.
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks; symphonic orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein conducting—RED.
9:00 P.M. Doctor I.Q. Studio audience participation series—RED.
9:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contended Program. Orchestra direction Leo Kempin, soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. A Little Night Music. Bernard Herrmann directs Columbia Chamber music—CBS.

TUESDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. The Trailfinder. Dr. William Thomson Hanzsche—RED.
1:45 P.M. General Federation Women's Clubs. Consumer's program—RED.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
3:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
3:30 P.M. Story of the Song. How famous songs came to be written—CBS.
5:30 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
7:15 P.M. Quicksilver. Questions in riddle form—RED.
8:30 P.M. Television program. NBC Station W2XBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Program designed to stump the experts—BLUE.

- 9:00 P.M. We, the People. The people take the air with Gabriel Heatter as host—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Mr. District Attorney. Dramatic serial exposing rackets—RED.
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. The Truth That Makes Men Free. Dr. Francis C. Stifter—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over, with June Hynd—RED.
2:00 P.M. Primrose String Quartet. For lovers of serious music—BLUE.
5:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Congressman T. V. Smith—CBS.
7:30 P.M. The People's Platform, with Lyman Bryson as moderator—CBS.
8:00 P.M. One Man's Family—dramatic sketch—RED.
9:00 P.M. What's My Name. Biographical quiz show—RED.
9:00 P.M. Lewisohn Stadium concerts of New York Philharmonic. Aaron Copland, commentator—CBS.
9:30 P.M. Idea Mart. Dramatizations of original treatment—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

- 12:00 noon Southernaires—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Frontiers of American Life. Dr. Mark A. Dawber—RED.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
8:30 P.M. Television program—NBC Station W2XBS.
8:30 P.M. It's Up to You. Tests mental alertness of studio audience—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Columbia Workshop Festival. Experimental dramatic series—CBS.

FRIDAYS

- 12:15 P.M. Southernaires—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Women in A Changing World. Edith E. Lowry—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest Speakers—RED.
2:00 P.M. Women in the Making of America. Dramatizations of women's contributions to the culture of the nation—BLUE.
7:45 P.M. The ABC of NBC. Scenes behind a great broadcasting company—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucile Manners, soprano, Frank Black, orchestra—RED.
8:30 P.M. Television Program—NBC Station W2XBS.
9:30 P.M. First Nighter. With Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Robert Ripley's Believe It or Not—CBS.

SATURDAYS

- 10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talk by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
11:30 A.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
11:45 A.M. Nature Sketches. Informal wayside chats of a group of youngsters rambling in Rocky Mountain National Park—RED.
12:15 P.M. Women in the World of Tomorrow—CBS.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to the nation's philatelists—RED.
2:00 P.M. Bull Session. Students from Chicago's universities discussing world problems—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Interlochen Student Orchestra—RED.
6:15 P.M. This Week in Washington. Albert Warner reports the capital news—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
9:30 P.M. Arch Oboler's Plays. Original dramas—RED.
9:45 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade. With Mary Eastman, Bill Perry and Gustav Haenschen's orchestra—CBS.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

"WHAT is happening in the world of religion? There are so many religious activities this summer, I can't cover them all," a religious editor of a metropolitan daily recently told me. And so it is on the airwaves, we haven't room to mention all. Of special interest, however, is Edith E. Lowry, Executive Secretary of the Council of Women for Home Missions, who makes her debut in an NBC series "Women in a Changing World." Miss Lowry will be the first woman to occupy a national Protestant radio pulpit. (Fridays, 12:30 p.m. NBC-Red Network.) Dr. Francis Stifter will launch a new series this month based on the Bible, "The Truth That Makes Men Free." (Wednesdays, 12:30 p.m. NBC-Red.)

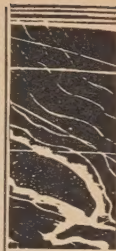
WITH the eyes of the world focused on Europe, the National Broadcasting Company has commissioned famous war correspondent John Gunther as roving representative to broadcast a series of talks to America. Expressing his views of the continental situation and his predictions of coming events, Gunther plans to wander around Europe visiting danger spots where news is most likely to break during the next few months. With no set schedule, the celebrated author of "Inside Europe" will take the air whenever and wherever he finds a subject of interest.

THE COLUMBIA WORKSHOP, pioneering experimental dramatic series, is celebrating its third birthday by a summer festival. During the festival, many of the Workshop productions of the past will be revived and original radio dramas by such noted writers as Dorothy Parker, William Saroyan and Lord Dunsany will be presented. For the first time in its history the series will be given before a studio audience. (Thursdays, 10:00 p.m. CBS.)



NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

Scalpels and Scripture

WE WERE parked last night on a neighbor's front porch when neighbor remarked that he was "a little leary" about foreign missions. He said he was "all for the missionary-doctors and teachers," but he wondered about the rest of it; he said the heathen needed more scalpels than Scripture.

It was all very interesting, for that very afternoon I had clipped a newspaper report of the meeting of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, at which a plea had been made for a new, strong emphasis on evangelism in missions. We showed that to neighbor, but he's still unconvinced. He still has some very definite opinions. . . .

So have we all. But after all, what we *think* doesn't mean anything; only the *facts* count, and the bitter fact is that at the moment the world is choosing between Christ and chaos, and that unless Christ is preached with a new evangelistic heat, chaos will be surer than death and taxes.

The missionary doctor and teacher, God bless them, have written an epic chapter in the story of

man's march; may their tribe increase. But they themselves will tell you that they are there to preach Christ's healing with their scalpels, to arouse a new knowledge of the fullness of God with their school-books. If they can't do that, they may as well turn over their job to the government school and hospital and come home. God sent them there to teach His way.

And they will agree that you can never cut sin out of a man like cutting a carbuncle out of his neck or a rotten appendix out of his side; that a book-knowledge of the world is excess baggage unless there come with it a soul-knowledge of the presence of a loving God in that world.

Were everyone in the world a doctor, some among them would still be sick; were everyone a teacher there would still be some who needed teaching. There's no end to that. But if *all* the world were evangelized we wouldn't be hopping around like a lot of helpless beetles in the shadow of a monster militarized steam-roller, created of greed and manned by hate, wondering when the unspeakable thing was going to start and crush us all to death.

Aye,—it's evangelism we need, at home as well as abroad.

AT HOME

PARI-MUTUEL: New Jersey lost an election this summer. It was a case of the churches vs. Frank Hague; the people voted on a referendum which would bring back horse racing and legalized betting to the Garden State. Hague won. Why?

Church bells all over the State were rung at regular intervals on voting day; scores of preachers preached scores of sermons against the amendment, and scores more enlisted as watchers at the polls. Yet the pro-gambling forces walked away with it to the tune of over 150,000. Why? One main reason is this: in spite of the determined church campaign in Somerset county, only six per cent of the vote turned out. In the whole state, only 35 per cent voted.

There lies the secret of Hague's victory, the secret of many another retreat by the Christian forces of America. The Christians just don't vote their convictions; they play golf while the ward heelers get out the ward healer vote.

New York votes on the same issue in November; other states are to vote later

on what Westbrook Pegler has shown to be a \$276,333,000 national racket (in 1938 alone). We hope New York will benefit by New Jersey's experience—and by the experience of Rhode Island, where a race track became the unofficial state capital.

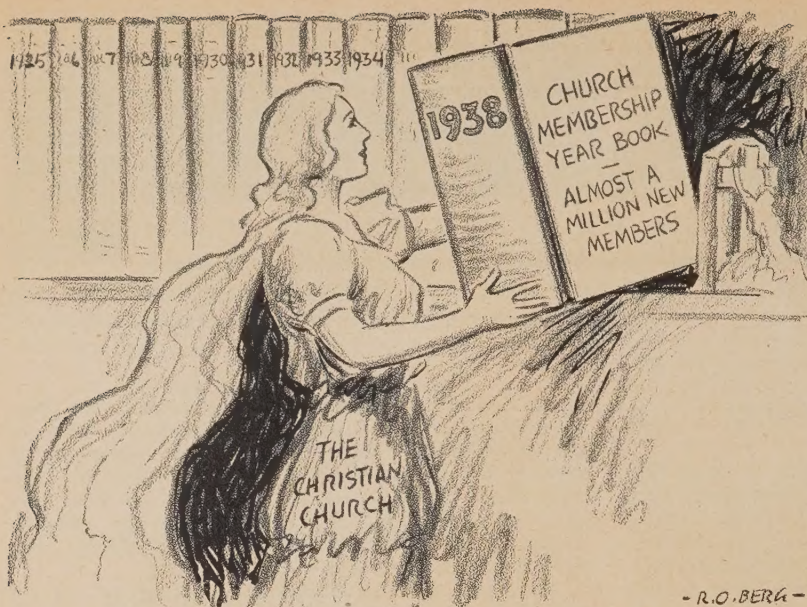
REFUGEES: We have a refugee scare in the U. S. All sorts of wild statements are being made for and against the opening up of our immigration gates to the flood of the persecuted. We were arguing while that steamship was riding off Havana with nine hundred men, women and children aboard; they threatened mass suicide; only intervention from those in the high places saved them.

Certainly it is a problem of bewildering proportions. Those who ask "What are we going to do with them in the United States?" have a question that deserves an intelligent answer. The intelligent answer is that fewer than 75,000 emigrants from Germany have come into this country since July 1, 1932; that more than four

times as many immigrants entered this country during the six years preceding Hitler as came during the six years following his "putsch" to power. During this same period more than 22,000 left these shores for Germany, leaving 53,000 net—hardly a staggering number for this country to absorb. Thirty-one per cent of these incoming refugees are non-Jewish; they include leaders in all professions, business and culture of pre-Hitler Germany; they include Einstein, Bruening, Mann, Zweig.

There's no good reason why they cannot be assimilated; no reason why they cannot provide more consumer-power for our manufactures. The problem will disappear if every American community will contribute a little energy, ingenuity and good will, instead of over-heated and under-intelligent argument.

1940: As it looks now, there will surely be two names put before the Democratic National Convention in nomination for the Presidency. The Roosevelt



- R.O. BERG -

THE VOLUMES GROW THICKER

third-term movement is growing; the present President hasn't said yes or no yet, but unless the third-term agitation hits unexpected snags, we think he will "acquiesce to be drafted."

Sitting tight and silent is the Vice-President, Mr. Garner of Texas. Reputed to be the best poker player in Washington, he has no intention of showing his hand—yet. But in May his followers threw his hat in the ring for him, announcing practically that he would run.

There is more to this than just a friendly rivalry for the Presidency. On Garner the Democratic party is pinning its hopes for a united front. His opposition to New Deal policies has been unannounced but unmistakable; he stands committed against lavish New Deal spending and against the radical left-wing labor men, which should make him very, very popular with a big share of the voters.

Most important of all, his candidacy will be the answer to the third-term idea—an idea never very popular in America. It will be a fight worth watching, between two of the most astute political strategists ever produced in America.

ALABAMA: For months J. Thomas Heflin has been writing letters to Mr. Jim Farley, seeking a job. Mr. Farley didn't even bother to answer. Last month Mr. Heflin enclosed a story with a letter:

An inveterate alcoholic in a small southern town was met on the street by a ghost (created by his worried fellow-citizens). It was supposed to be the ghost of St. Paul, and intended to frighten the drunk into sobriety. He didn't scare very easily. When the ghost said, mournfully, "I am the ghost of St. Paul," the drunken one replied, "Howdy. By the way, did you ever get an answer to your letter to the Ephesians?"

Mr. Farley read it, smiled at the line that followed it, ("Mr. Farley, do I ever get a reply to my letters?"), went over to see Attorney General Frank Murphy,

handed Heflin a job as Assistant Attorney General in Alabama, salary \$4500 per year.

The story strikes us as not A-1, the appointment as something more than a joke.

NEW YORK: The New York Fair has been having its troubles with labor; protests from those trying to run the show on the Flushing Meadows have been almost violent against "arbitrary" labor demands. More than one building and exhibit has suffered because labor insisted on more, more, more.

Now the New York Memorial Hospital for the Treatment of Cancer and Allied Diseases adds its protest. Construction has been marred, says Director Dr. James Ewing, by the "extravagant demands" of labor unions. Cancer could wait; labor had to have more.

The Hospital dispute waxed hot over the installation of an X-ray machine. Local 3 of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (A. F. of L.) wanted to install a 1,000,000 volt machine while hospital authorities wanted the machine set up by scientifically-trained X-ray experts. A compromise was finally arranged.

There may be some justice in the demands of the electricians, but it seems a bit cold-hearted to make sufferers from cancer wait on a labor fight, or to jeopardize the fate of the Fair in the interests of a dollar-a-day more. It reminds this editor of the labor union representative who came into his home to tell him that he would have to fire the man he had painting a room upstairs. The editor's startled inquiry was, "Whose house is this, anyway?" (Not that the editor is stony-hearted to labor justice; that painter was making \$10 a day!)

BASEBALL: General Abner Doubleday fired the first gun in defense of Fort Sumter, so some call him the Father of the Civil War—which he wasn't. Some years earlier he had put on a catcher's

outfit and called the first game of real American baseball, so some call him the father of baseball—which he was.

This year we are celebrating the 100th anniversary of General Doubleday's game. We like that. We like baseball—it is wholesome, healthy and full of hecklers and humor. There's a glint of humor in the score of the first college game ever played, between Williams and Amherst. Result: Amherst 66, Williams 32. And Abraham Lincoln was playing ball when he was notified of his Presidential nomination; said Honest Abe: "They'll have to wait until I make another base hit."

Mussolini may be parading his militarized childhood in the ranks of The Sons of The Wolf, and England may be having her draft, but American boyhood, thanks to General Doubleday, is still tossing the old pill around ten thousand sandlots.

A B R O A D

THE FAR EAST: Why are the Japanese troops in China going out of their way to humiliate the British? What will they gain by that?

What they hope to gain is wrapped up in the old Eastern idea of "face," which is another name for "dignity." Humiliating the once-mighty Englishman and Frenchman in the eyes of the Chinese, the Japanese hope, will cause them to lose face in the eyes of the Chinese, who still regard the power of the Westerner with a certain degree of awe. Slapping a man in the face and getting no slap back certainly seems to pin the badge of cowardice on him who gets slapped.

What Japan isn't counting on is the fact that the Chinese have been slapped, too; and that you can slap the easy-going, ordinarily good-natured democracies just so much, and then look for something in return. Everything in England points to a strong desire, on the part of the English public, to slap back, and before this gets into print we may all be reading that the policy of appeasement led by the gentleman with the umbrella has been discarded. The British have had about enough.

Ten years ago there might have been war at the echo of the first slap, but not now. We know now that a war costs more than a wise turning of the other cheek, that there are other and more effective ways of "getting even" with an aggressor than trotting out the army.

We think there will be no war here, at least no war with cannon. But there are other forms of war. . . .

CZECHS: A good German told the writer some months back that of all the people in the world that Germany feared, the Czechs were feared most. That may seem wrong, in view of what's happened, yet the Czechs are giving Hitler something to worry about, conquered as they are. All the Reich's horses and all the Feuhrers' men can't seem to hold down smoldering Prague. Bombs are falling. German over-lords are being assassinated. The Czechs have gone underground, burrowing mines.

They will probably never be suppressed. Should Germany's attention be demanded in another quarter, it is easy to believe that the Czechs would take back what belongs to them. This isn't just a patriotic spurt; it is a test of Hitler's ability to hold down a people never yet held down.

And if those other peoples "conquered" in the Nazi putsch should all get the same idea at once, how could Germany carry on a major war?

INDIA: Local prohibition goes into effect in Bombay on August first. Mohandas K. Gandhi is chiefly responsible for that. Last week Mr. Gandhi received a shock from his opponents when he was informed that he was a confirmed user of alcohol, himself.

Gandhi drinks nira, a toddy made of cocoanut-juice; the India wets say now that it contains six per cent alcohol. Gandhi was innocent; he had sanctioned nira as a prohibition drink, and no one, at the time he did that, suspected that it was not.

It is more of a sly blow at Gandhi than an argument against Bombay prohibition. Whatever the analysis proves, no one has ever suspected the motives of Gandhi, and no one has ever seen that magnificent mind befuddled by alcohol. He will be master of India long after the results of the analysis are forgotten.

MOSCOW: Britain still pursues the elusive Russian Bear. It seemed as this was written that she had him cornered, but those on the inside of European affairs tell us not to place too much stock in England's acceptance of Soviet "conditions."

The nub of the discussion between England and Russia lies in the Baltic states. Russia has been trying to force England to guarantee the territorial integrity of Estonia and Latvia and possibly Finland, through which Hitler might strike at Moscow. Now that England is about ready to do just that, a diplomatic freak arises: the Baltic States don't want any such guarantee! They have non-aggression and trade agreements with Germany, so. . . .

Question: How can England guarantee the borders of a State that wants no such guarantee?

FACT: At the Quai d'Orsay this summer two men signed a pact. French Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet signed for France, Ambassador Suad Davaz for Turkey. The pact was almost an exact copy of one just signed between Turkey and England; it promised mutual assistance in case of aggression in the Mediterranean.

Turkey is jubilant over the signing, and France is dubious. The French have paid a fairly heavy price: they have ceded to the Turks the Sanjak of Alexandretta, an autonomous area bordering the French Syrian Mandate and possessing in its fever-plagued port the only safe anchorage on the Syrian coast. It means an important outlet for Turkey in the Mediterranean.

To Rome, it means "an outrage in direct violation of the League of Nations Mandate!" Watch Turkey, in the fight for the balance of power just ahead. She

is no longer the Sick Man of Europe; Kemal Ataturk cured her of that, and made her a power to be reckoned with. And never mind the League of Nations: Mussolini cured that.

ALBANIA: Rome has just appropriated eight hundred million lire to the business of building roads in Albania. To the Balkan state she has sent Marshall Badoglio, who will say where the roads are to be laid—which means that they will be primarily military and strategic roads.

Taking her time in improving Ethiopia, Italy is in a hurry in Albania, for Albania must be made quickly the spearhead of Italian power in the Balkans and, as Mussolini suggests, a powerful "bridgehead across the Adriatic."

Albania can help Italy mightily in a war. Timber covers thirty-six per cent of the area, she grows much corn, wheat, oats, barley and rice, and—most important of all—oil is fairly abundant. It's the oil that Italy wants; that is why she has already created thirteen oil concessions in the conquered territory, with Italians holding most of them.

Il Duce can use Albania. It gives him a bumper state against the "encircling" democracies, and a bumper also against his axis partner in Berlin.

NEW SPAIN: The new "free" Spain, delivered by Franco, is taking shape. Krupps have taken over the Biscaya mines. The "Askari" maritime service is flying the German flag. The commercial air lines are German-owned and operated. A Basque steel plant is obliged to send 60,000 tons of steel and iron per year toward Berlin. 20,000 tons of sugar, skins and wheat per year are to be exported to Germany. Every Spanish industry paying big dividends is paying the Germans. And a German Economic Commission is now in Spain, reaching for more.

There isn't any Italian Economic Commission busy in Spain, so far as we know. Are we wrong in thinking that Italy also helped Franco, and spilled some good Italian blood on Spanish soil? And would we be wrong were we to say that Italy has been double-crossed again by the master of the axis, whose residence is Berlin?

The people of Italy, a traveler told us this summer, are saying openly to each other on the streets, "It was nice living here when Mussolini ruled us!"

PALESTINE: The idea that world Jewry will end their efforts to establish a National Home in Palestine just because the British have deserted them suffers a rude shock in the latest report of the Palestine Economic Corporation, just made public.

In spite of the bad political situation, economic activity has not been reduced more than ten to twenty per cent since the boom days of 1935. Jewish land purchases held up in 1938, with 27,380 dunams passing from Arab to Jew; twelve new settlements were established, only ten per cent of the workers were unemployed, and during the harvesting of the orange crop (their peak labor season), there was actually a shortage of labor.

So the Jew is as determined as ever.

CHURCH NEWS

REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA:

Anti-Semitism and the conscientious objectors came into the limelight at the meeting of the General Synod in New York, as they did in every other Protestant church convention that has met in the last six months.

The Reformed Church expressed itself in terms nobody can misunderstand: it agreed to "support and protect" the religious conscientious objector in time of war, and it said unequivocally that "Christians must rebuke all anti-Semitism," holding that "the failure of the Church to reconcile the Jew has behind it a record of misunderstanding, intolerance and spiritual malpractice that has been unequaled in dealing with any other people." Hard words, these: hard because they're true.

A teacher of this editor used to remark that every Christian should hang his head in shame every time he saw a Jewish pawnshop, for the Christian had forced the Jew into that occupation. There may be loopholes in the argument, yet the editor knows of few very determined efforts to "reconcile the Jew." It is a department of Christian effort that we have all neglected.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP: Business may be losing money, war may be wait-



FRANK MURPHY, UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL

What he says:

"In his heart the average man knows that life without religion is a hollow thing, lacking real significance; that without religion history is meaningless and the gallant army of martyrs have died in vain. He realizes that 'unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it.'"

ing around any man's corner, things may look bad in a thousand directions, but they look good in one: church membership is up. Organized religious bodies in the United States have gained almost a million during the past year, according to the 1939 edition of the Yearbook of American Churches, just off the press.

The 1939 record shows an inclusive church membership of 64,159,248 as against a previous total of 63,243,843, a gain of 915,414. An increase in churches is also reported.

Hard times may account for some of it, but not all. Worry and anxiety always drive people back to church, where they get that which the world can't offer; but we have a feeling that there is another reason for the big increase. People are beginning to understand that we have tried the world's way, and failed; that Christ's way is the only way out.

NORWEGIAN LUTHERANS: The Norwegian Lutheran Church of America has half-a-million members. There's hardly a millionaire in the lot, and mighty few men we could call even rich. Most of them live in the drouth-stricken areas of North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Montana. Yet in that area they plan the impossible: to raise a million dollars and win back a million souls.

A great start has been made toward that impossible goal: already they have \$600,000 in cash. It may be wrong to judge a Church by its finances, but raising such money in such times as these indicates a spirit behind the bankbook that is heartening.

The Norwegians began last year to plan their Centennial Celebration, which comes in 1943.

WORLD COUNCIL: A kindly reader writes in, doubting our statement that there are twenty-six churches in the New World Council, and asking us to prove it. We were wrong about that: there are now thirty-six and not twenty-six churches in the Council. They are:

Presbyterian Church of Australia, The United Church of Canada, The Church of England in Canada, Church of Christ in China, Evangelical Church of Bohemian Brethren (Czechoslovakia), Evangelical Lutheran Church and Orthodox Church of Estonia, Evangelical Lutheran Church of Finland; Eglise Reformee de France, Eglise Reformee d'Alsace et de la Lorraine, France; Old Catholic Church of Germany; Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Salvation Army; Old Catholic Church of Holland; Federation of Evangelical Lutheran Churches in India, Mar Thoma Syrian Church of Malabar (India); Orthodox Church of Latvia; Reformed Church of Lithuania; Protestant Church of the Netherlands East Indies; Evangelical Church of the Augsburgian Confession, United Evangelical Church, Polish National Catholic Church, all of Poland; Church of Sweden; Old Catholic Church of Switzerland.

In the U. S.: Congregational and Christian Churches, Disciples of Christ, Evangelical Church, United Lutheran Church, African M. E. Church, Polish National Catholic Church of America, Rumanian Orthodox Episcopate in America, Evangelical and Reformed Church, Presby-

terian Church in the U. S. A. and Presbyterian Church in the U. S., Syrian Antiochian Church of North America. And in Yugoslavia, the Old Catholic Church of Yugoslavia.

The "Old Catholic" churches are quite different from the Roman Catholic; the Old Catholic movement originated in Germany, Holland and Switzerland as a result of the decree of papal infallibility in 1870, the Old Catholics refusing to accept this dogma.

METHODISTS: Representatives of twenty nations will gather in Copenhagen,



J. EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

What he says:

"There shall be no quarter with the forces of darkness. Crime is your worst enemy, and the General who commands it is Corrupt Politics. It must be your sworn duty to do or die against this filthy crew. It is your job to clean up America!"

Denmark, this summer, under the name of the United European Methodist Council. The conference will be a follow-up of the Uniting Conference in Kansas City. Three American bishops, resident abroad, and one German-elected Bishop, will preside. Unusual will be the presiding of Bishop Arthur J. Moore, whose area, under the uniting agreement, is not limited to any geographical area. The "world is his parish," literally. John Wesley would like that.

A clever resolution was passed this month at the National Methodist Student Leadership Conference meeting at Berea, Kentucky. The young people called upon the Methodist Church to provide a training program for young college adults which would enable them to carry on their religious activities after they leave college.

Such training is badly needed; perhaps the Methodists are not alone in neglecting this fruitful age in church youth. All too

many "graduate" into nothing from Epworth League and C. E. There is a bad gap here that needs to be closed.

M.R.A.: There are mass meetings and mass meetings; most of them are wasted effort. There was one at Madison Square Garden recently that we thought was *not* wasted; it was the huge meeting held in the interests of M. R. A. That stands not for another New Deal agency, but for Moral Re-Armament.

Sponsored at first by the Oxford Group in England, M. R. A. has been assuming international proportions of late. That is all to the good. Certain it is that moral bankruptcy has brought the world to its present chaos; certain it is, too, that a new moral rearmament growing out of a new spiritual sense of the common fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is the only solution for it.

We do not all follow the Oxford Group, 100 per cent, but there can be less than one per cent of us who will disagree with the basic ideal under M. R. A.

PRESBYTERIANS: Criticism has been growing, among the Southern Presbyterians, of the whole program of the denomination's home-mission program. To offset it, Home Missions Secretary Dr. Homer McMillan announces that the work among foreign-born non-English-speaking Americans not now being reached by any church, and among Southern Negroes, mountaineers and Indians.

There's nothing peculiarly Presbyterian about this. The "foreign" field seems to hold all the glamor, all the romance of the Christian crusade, to such an extent that we are blind to great, deep needs right here at home. What we should understand is that in reality there isn't any such thing as "foreign" or "home" missions. The fellow who invented those terms did us a great disservice. Missions is one; the picture is all of one piece; you can't save half the world and leave the other half unsaved and expect to "make the world Christian."

Missions is international—but it is a good thing to start at home and work out toward the edges of the circle.

FAITH AT THE FAIR: We are almost bewildered by the emphasis on religion at the San Francisco World's Fair. World-famous paintings (Raphael, Michelangelo, Del Sarto, Fra Angelico, Veronese, etc.) are on exhibit—perhaps for the first time in American history, and the last. Denominations and sects, ranging from the Lutherans to the Christian Scientists, have their exhibits and their special days; famous Bibles, pottery of Biblical times, carbonized grain from old Jericho and a garden in which grow more than a hundred Biblical plants add to the interest. New York may have the bigger Fair, but it looks as though Treasure Island has a religious treasure-trove that New York may well envy.

HERE AND THERE: The Rev. W. H. ("Bill") Alexander, of First Christian Church, Tulsa, offers his rural parishioners free bus-rides to and from Church each Sunday. Three years ago he had twelve persons in his congregation, now he has 300. Good busses, good sermons. . . .

TEMPERANCE

AT THE POLLS: Drys in Missouri won an important victory when they defeated a bill that would have authorized permits to all fraternal, civic, church, benevolent and charitable organizations to sell beer. There were three such bills, and all three were beaten.

Defeated also were bills to break down the Sunday closing law, and a third group that would have outraged dry territory by issuing licenses "anywhere in the state." It takes a sharp eye to watch such a crowd of bills all at once, but Missouri knows how.

Under the militant leadership of Bishop H. A. Boaz, drys in Texas are fighting to bring back Prohibition to the Lone Star State. They have a good start: out of four local option elections held since New Year's Day, they have won three.

ALLIED YOUTH: Few temperance organizations know more about drinking youth than Allied Youth. In order to know more, they recently entered an unnamed eastern high school with a liquor questionnaire. Questioning 2289 seniors, Allied Youth found:

More than forty-eight per cent of the students drink wine, beer, or hard liquor, the majority drinking occasionally.

For two-thirds of those questioned, alcoholic beverages were obtainable in the home. For 148, hard liquors were available. More than a thousand homes served beer.

Of the drinking students, 253 use hard liquor, 665 wine, 708 beer. The largest amount of the drinking was done at home, sometimes at parties, seldom at bars.

Considering all this, we wonder whether drinking youth drinks because it wants to, or because of an adult example.

We never did believe that youth was as wild as it was painted in the days of Prohibition; we can't believe now that it is as much to blame as some of the 45-50 year oldsters who are the real enemies of temperance.

BOOZE AND BUSINESS: That the liquor industry isn't fooling the long-headed business men of the country is stock truth. The President of the American Business Men's Research Foundation spoke for all of them when he said this week:

"Business men are becoming aroused over the fact that much of the fifteen billion dollars has been diverted from the income of retail merchants in necessities and wholesome luxuries during the past five years as a result of the relegalized liquor traffic's program of false solicitation . . . more than any other single factor, the liquor traffic is a great contributing cause of unemployment."

The retailers should know!

BISHOP BLASTS BOOZE: Bishop Edwin Hughes is probably Methodism's smallest and liveliest leader. He is as explosive as dynamite; he exploded in the way that was one of the most fiery temperance speeches ever heard in Methodism, at the recent Uniting Conference. Con-

cluding with: "The tragic truth is that many of our present laws dealing with intoxicants are making men immoral. . ." and more to the same effect, he stirred the whole Conference to the point of reiterating the ancient and honorable Methodist antagonism to liquor. There is no retreat in the Church of Wesley; united, they will be an enemy twice as dangerous to the liquor traffic as ever before.

SCIENCE

If we've heard it once we've heard it a thousand times: the next war will destroy civilization. Or the next war will wipe out this nation or that. That is a generalization based on ignorance. We have

thought so for a long time; now a leader of the American Association for the Advancement of Science backs us up, saying the same thing scientifically.

Dr. R. F. Moulton, astronomer, mathematician and secretary of the Association, made a speech at the 104th annual convention in which he said: "Let me say that scientists on the whole have no fear of deterioration of humanity for a long time to come. Nor do they fear that civilization will be destroyed. At worst there might be a period of disorders extending over a few years, or possibly a considerable number of years, but civilization is established on too solid a foundation to be destroyed by anything that now threatens."



"A NICKEL LEFT FOR CANDY"

TOYS or typewriters, lamp bulbs or bathtubs—whenever the cost of an article is lowered through economies in production, more people can buy it. And those who can buy the article anyway have money left to buy other things.

Take the case of the electric refrigerator. In 1927, when the average model cost about \$350, only 375,000 people bought refrigerators. Ten years later, when improvements in manufacturing had brought the price down to \$170, *six times as many people* bought them. And thousands who, perhaps, could have paid the higher price, were able to use the difference to purchase other comforts and conveniences.

The same has been true of hundreds of other manufactured articles. Because the scientists, engineers, and workmen of industry have developed hundreds of new products, have improved them, have learned how to make them less expensive, more millions of people have been able to buy them. And by this process, industry has been able to provide the American people with the highest standard of living in the world.

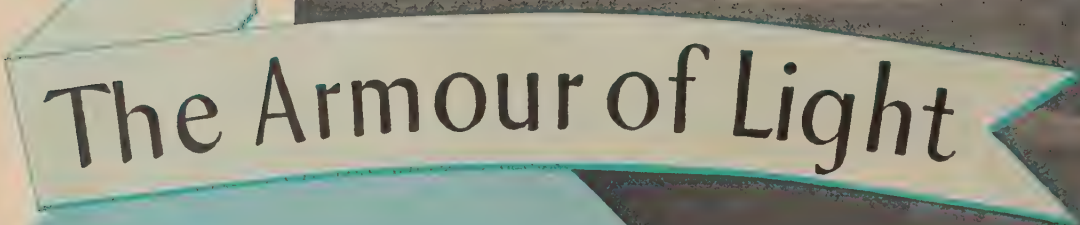

In this progress, General Electric, by applying electricity to the wheels of industry, has played an important part. By continuing these efforts, it is helping today to provide for America still MORE GOODS FOR MORE PEOPLE AT LESS COST.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

90-12511

By
Grace Noll
Crowell



The Armour of Light

This is a garment that if rightly worn
Will be as radiant as the sun at dawn.
It is a splendid cloak that will adorn
The plainest one who gladly puts it on.
It will be pierced with some
 strange inward light:
An incandescent burning that will glow
As if a lamp were carried in the night
Wherever they who don that armour, go.

Oh, let us put it on and walk the lands
To help illuminate earth's darkened ways:
Our faces glowing, torches in our hands,
Before our feet the ever spreading rays
Of hope and gladness, that the world may see
The Holy Spirit's luminosity.



August
1939



CHRISTIAN HERALD


A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



LET'S KEEP WOMEN AND CHILDREN OUT OF THE TRENCHES

A New Program For American Action

By Herbert Hoover

 FOR years it was my sole occupation to care for the homeless, the foodless, the frightened and the helpless. I have witnessed their sufferings in twenty nations. And when one speaks to me of war, I do not see the glorious parade of troops marching to the tunes of gay music. I do not think of great statesmen planning and intriguing in their chancelleries. Nor do I think of those dazzling chambers where the leaders of the world meet to settle the affairs of mankind. I see the faces of hungry, despairing, and terrorized women and children. These are the real victims of modern war.

The violence of war is year by year falling more and more horribly upon the civilian populations. Starvation by blockade and killing from the air have become weapons of modern war. At least they have become methods of reprisals. Put bluntly that means killing of women and children.

The Food Blockade

Industrial civilization has increased the numbers of people in many countries far beyond their domestic food supplies. They must import food from overseas.

In the last war both sides struggled to bring victory by starvation of the whole enemy people. The food blockade by the Allied Governments on one side and the ruthless submarine warfare by the Central Powers on the other had starvation as a purpose. Blockade of food is an old method of war. In the last one both sides professed that it was not their purpose to starve women and children.

But it is only hypocrisy to say that the blockade is directed to starvation of soldiers, munition workers, or government officials. It is only the deluded who think that these ever starve. Armies and munition workers were not short of food in blockaded Germany in the last war. All over Europe it was the women and children who, weakened from short food

supplies, died not in hundreds of thousands but in millions. It was the children who grew up stunted in mind and body. Who can say that the confusion in Europe today is not partly the result of the horrible lives of the children of those years?

Death from the Air

And in equally dreadful sense I saw another method of war develop. The bombing of civilian populations from the air first appeared as a part of war strategy during the Great War. The bombing plane was then scarcely developed. It was a weakling when the Germans used it against British and French cities. But even then I have seen with my own eyes a score of air raids where terrorized women and children flocked to cellars uselessly and frantically to escape a rain of explosives.

No country then possessed great numbers of these planes built purposely for bombing. Today each nation numbers its fleets in thousands. And today each plane will carry ten times the death-dealing explosives. In terror every European nation is equipping everybody, even the babies, with gas masks. Every country is preparing to evacuate women and children from the cities. One of the dreads of Europe today is that great fleets of

planes will be used to destroy whole cities.

Again it is hypocrisy to say that the sole purpose of bombing planes is to destroy soldiers, communications, and munition works. That is not the full intention. The purpose is terror and weakening of the morale of the civil population. That means the killing of women, children. The experience in China and Spain the last two years only confirms our worst fears.

The Strategy of Modern War

The ancient chivalry for the protection of women and children has departed in the violence of the times.

But why these pressures and terrors against women and children?

To break down the morale and courage of the civil population at home has become a part of the methods of war. There was a time when wars were carried on exclusively by soldiers and sailors. The civil populations went about their routine daily tasks.

Today war is a battle of whole peoples. They must be mobilized to the last atom of their economic and emotional strength. All fit young men and boys are conscripted and thrust into the battlefields. The pressure on their women and children by the enemy is supposed to react upon the conscripts at the front. It is supposed to weaken their courage and the resolution of these huge armies. Or it is presumed to make the enemy people supplicate its own government for peace.

Whether it be for deliberate direct action or only a threat of reprisals this fear for their women and children is one of the driving forces of increased armament.

One impelling reason for increasing naval fleets given by every country in Europe and Asia is not only to blockade the enemy's food but to keep open the lanes of their own food supplies. Up to the last war the strength in the starvation battle rested with the country which possessed the battleships. But during that war the German submarines demonstrated a capacity to destroy the food supplies destined to England and France, even against their superior fleets. It brought British and French food supplies into extreme jeopardy. Since then the submarine has been greatly improved and its numbers vastly increased.

One of the impelling reasons for unceasing building of bombing planes is to prepare reprisals for blockade starving of women and children or reprisals for air attacks. That means killing the opponent's women and children.

And the United States builds correspondingly to meet the menace of these swelling navies and air fleets.

This killing of women and children haunts every council table and affects every move of power politics. It drives not alone to armaments. It drives to more and more military alliances that breed war.

Until this menace of killing women and children by food blockade and from the air is removed, there will be little relief from increasing navies and air fleets. There will be little decrease in the fear that is driving the world to its own destruction.

The standard of living, the comfort of all men is being steadily lowered by this race of armaments. It is the backs of

the men and women who toil that carry this load of war preparedness during peace. It is nonsense to say this is paid for by the rich. The pay comes from the productivity of the people. It is breaking the backs of nations today.

Objections to Limitation of War Methods

Surely the time has come when men should renounce the starvation and killing of women and children as methods of war.

I am well aware that any protest or any proposal to limit these horrors in future wars will be decry by the militarists as impractical and futile. They will say that the world has tried to do this sort of thing and failed. Civilian authorities in these desperate times may decry it as impractical. It will be said that war is itself immoral and to suggest moral restraint in conducting war is a hopeless contradiction.

Even if nations subscribe to it in peace it will be said there can be no dependable enforcement after war begins. It will be said that in modern war national existence is at stake. National institutions will be destroyed by the inevitable revolutions that follow to the defeated country. Long years of indemnities and oppression are the penalty of defeat to the vanquished. Therefore, it will be said that despite any agreement to protect women and children, every nation when once engaged in war will justify every weapon as a part of its defense, no matter what their humanitarian agreements may be. I shall comment upon some teeth that could be put into restraints further on.

The old fallacy will be produced that the prospect of war becoming more terrible frightens nations into keeping the peace. But nations go to war out of desperation at these very threats. The fear of frightfulness does not make for peace. It creates fear, hate and desperation which drive nations to war. The prospect of killing of women and children makes war more likely.

Another old fallacy will be produced. That is, the more terrible war is, the quicker the sickened nations will make peace. But war has become more terrible every year since the invention of gunpowder. Every half century has seen more and more men sacrificed on the battlefield. It has seen more and more women and children sacrificed at home. Human courage rises far above any terror yet invented.

This same fallacy pretends that put-



Above, former President Herbert Hoover before the Christian Endeavor Convention in Cleveland, July 6, delivering his notable address on the prevention of atrocities against women and children in modern warfare. Right, example of ruin and suffering inflicted upon helpless civilians in Spain and China. (Photos by Wide World and Pictures, Inc.)

ting the screws on the civil population gets war over quicker. Such a policy is thus said to be more humane. The last war proved that starvation and bombing only sharpened hate and hardened resolution to continue.

Even supposing all these arguments are true, are we to accept defeat of international decency? Are we not to try every method, explore every channel, that might allay these causes of war and armament and that might lead to protection of the lives and minds of innocent women and children? Must we accept the despair of return to barbarism? Must we accept such a collapse of Western civilization?

A Proposal

I am risking a proposal that might end the worst of it.

My proposal is that all nations willing should agree:

1. That vessels laden solely with food supplies should be placed upon the same basis of immunity as hospital ships. They should go freely. Blockade should not apply to them. There should be no attack upon their passage by either warships or submarines.

2. That there shall be no bombing of civil populations and no bombing anywhere except in the field of actual fighting



men on land or sea, and at works devoted strictly to munitions.

Nations who are not willing to enter such obligation will have at least declared their shameful devotion to barbarism. They will be proved outcasts from civilization.

There is humanity in the peoples of all combatant nationalities. Their own public opinion is shocked by barbarities. That is evidenced by the fact that all statesmen in the last war sought to justify such acts as reprisals for the barbarities of the enemy. Through all discussion today of preparedness they find justification in their fears of this frightfulness against themselves.

Enforcement

Now for the moral teeth that I propose for enforcement. That is the definite participation of neutrals of the world. As a part of such agreement the neutral nations should undertake aggressive neutrality as watchmen over these barbarities of war. They should be the referee announcing in authoritative way any fouls that take place. To do this such agreement should provide further:

3. That the organization and shipment

of food supplies in war should be full cargoes under the management and jurisdiction of a commission of the neutral nations.

4. That neutral observers should be continuously in session within every belligerent country to determine the facts of any killing of civilians from the air.

The whole of this proposal is based on enforcement by neutrals, by moral forces and not by military force or entanglement in the controversy. Should any belligerent be convicted of deliberate violations then neutrals should withdraw. Awful as it may be no doubt the hells of reprisals would then be turned loose.

One of the most potent forces in modern war is the public opinion among neutrals. If that be pointed up by definite conviction beyond all the whitewashing of propaganda it can be far-reaching in its consequences.

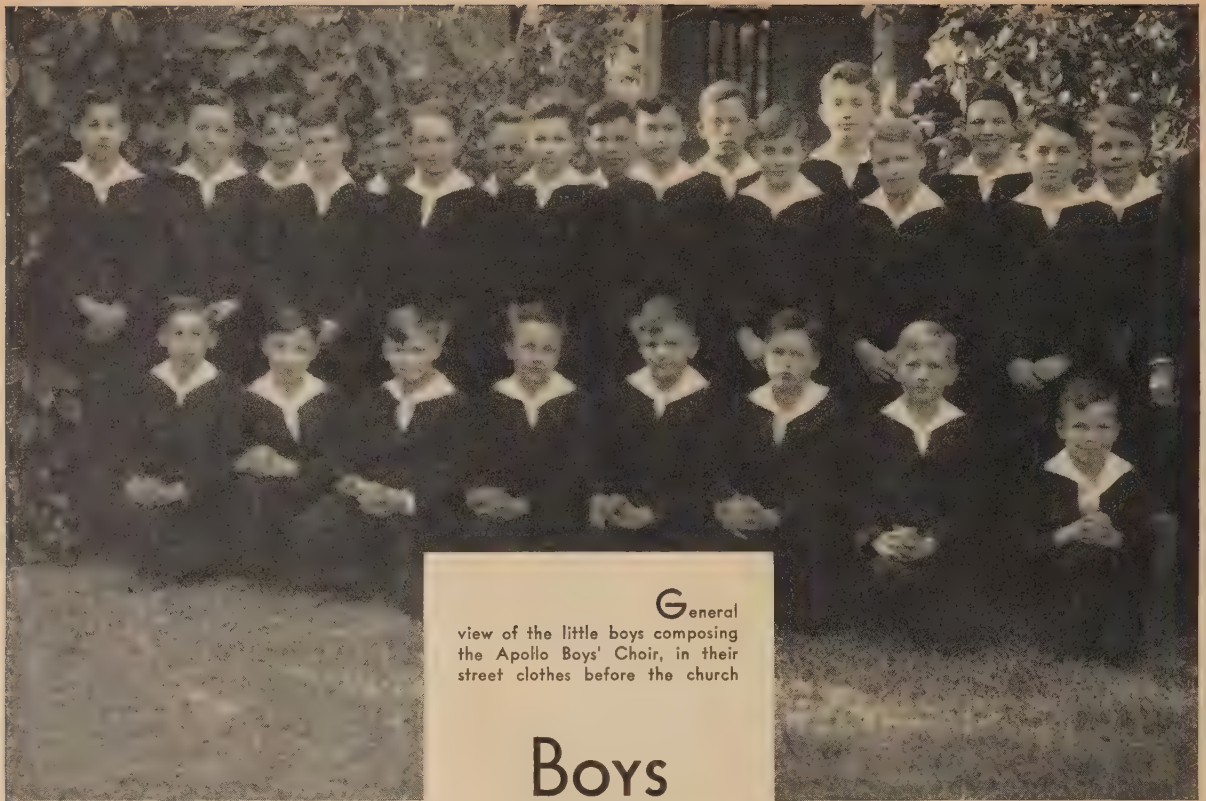
In the strategy of modern war one of the vital moves is to hold the good will of neutrals, or at least to prevent their indignation leading them to join the enemy. To influence neutral public opinion in the last war every combatant spent millions in gigantic propaganda.

Public opinion in neutral nations does

not react much to the legalistic question of whether doormats are contraband or non-contraband. It does not react much to imperial ambitions of combatants. It does not react much to violations of such instruments as the Kellogg Pact. But it does react to the horror of killing women and children.

It is asserted that public opinion of neutrals had no effect in the last war. Contrary to that, when the final verdict of history is given it will be found that the losers lost not by lack of valor or courage. They lost not by lack of efficiency or even starvation. They lost by failure to heed the public opinion of what were originally neutral nations. Had the American sense of humanities not been outraged over years there is little likelihood that we would have joined in that war. And with us half a dozen hitherto neutral nations joined also. The emotional reaction upon the American people upon conviction of wholesale killing of women and children in another great war would come nearer to driving our people to intervention than all the other arguments in the world.

If this moral standard of protection to
(Continued on page 46)



General
view of the little boys composing
the Apollo Boys' Choir, in their
street clothes before the church

Boys ON THE JERICHO ROAD

By
Larston Dawn Farrar



ALL over Europe today, boys are marching under many flags, training for wars expected to come. In many countries, boys who were marching are already lying cold in the field, slain by bombs and bullets by present war. It is impossible for the arts and sciences to progress in such atmosphere.

But in all parts of America today, boys are singing instead of marching. More than ever before, the beautiful tones of pre-adolescent voices are rising from schoolrooms, from churches, from chapels, from recreation halls, from music centers and concert stages. We may read of boy singers in the newspaper and put down the paper to hear the appealing youths on the radio.

No longer is the term, "sissy," applied to a boy who spends his time practicing the musical scale, groping on a piano, or slashing at a violin. More music and voice teachers are making more attempts to interest boys than ever before in the history of our nation, and they are meeting with more success than ever before. It is safe to say that more people are taking more interest in more kinds of music in this country than in any other nation.

Even down in the Deep South, boys are taking to the Jericho Road in increasing numbers and with added interest. In fact, from out of Alabama, deepest of the Deep South states, has come an organization that is destined to win praise both in this country and abroad—the Apollo Boys' Choir of Birmingham. If you live in any southern state, little explanation is necessary; this may be true even as far west as Washington, if you keep up with musi-

cal affairs, for a boy from Spokane may soon become a member of the choir more than 3,000 miles from his home.

Already, many basses and tenors in the South have stepped down to allow these twenty-five boy singers render their selections. Soon those adult-musicians of New York and other great cities will know these boys are part of the American musical scene. On the afternoon of April first, the choir was presented to America in a recital at Town Hall in New York City, giving their hoped-for debut. It was the first time a boys' choir from the South has journeyed to New York to make a nationwide debut. And the critics of New York City joined their praises to those of the music reviewers of the hinterlands, who have praised the choir almost since its inception.

Why did this choir go to New York? Surely, you may say, there are dozens of other boys' choirs in America to represent the revival of interest in singing among the nation's pre-adolescent group. The answer is, because the Apollo Boys' Choir

has qualifications no other choir can present. It is one of the most discriminating of any boys' choir in existence; it was the first boys' choir—and so far the only one—to be accepted for membership in the American Federation of Music Clubs; it has won applause before eminent musicians, churchmen and financiers, not to forget the President of the United States and his family, official and unofficial.

These are the ostensible reasons why the choir has attained success. The real reason, however, is its director; and to learn of him, you must learn the story behind his present position. . . .

On a winter's night five years ago, a slim, young man named Coleman Cooper walked disconsolately into the Episcopal Church of the Advent in Birmingham to hear the songs of a group of boys from far-off Vienna. He was in a downcast mood for several reasons: Soon he would be graduating from college and as yet had had mapped out no future work for himself; he was broke, financially, although he had studied music since childhood and psychology since entering college, he could think of no job that he could take and at which he could work enthusiastically.

Even a feeling of envy was in his heart as the small boys, members of the Vienna Boys' Choir, marching in the choir loft, for they were doing the things he had missed as a boy, the things he had longed to do—sing in a choir. Then, under the direction of Victor Gomboz, the boys began to sing. They sang in several languages—always in the same sublime tones. As they sang, the college student's spirit soared; the clear, bell-like voices of the

pre-adolescent youths invigorated him and he sat up in the pew.

While he listened, Coleman Cooper was finding a purpose in life. The doubts . . . the forebodings of the future . . . all these were cleared away and he realized what he wanted to do. Within him was born a conviction that such a choir as this one should be organized for Birmingham—for Alabama—for America!

It was like a cleansing bath after a hard day's work, that experience in the church. Unlike many instantaneous inspirations, however, it did not die when the young man walked into the brisk wind after the concert, or when friends advised him later to give up the idea, at least temporarily.

musical and financial asset in any state. The boys have outgrown Birmingham and Alabama, as he visioned they would do, and now he says they belong to the nation.

It was a long struggle from the inspiration to the realization. Mr. Cooper, with an eye always to the future, does not like to look backwards, but his trials and his successes are not to be hidden under a bushel—they must serve as a lesson, an inspiration, to each of us, whether we want to build a church, fly to the South Pole, bring forth a new nation, or simply live a worthwhile life.

At the time the idea of beginning a boys' choir came to him, Coleman Cooper's mother was selling the family cemetery

a school because he did not have the bus fare. Finally, he had the names of eighty boys who measured up to his qualifications. From these, he chose forty, and when he had weeded out every discordant note, he found himself with twenty-five of the most nearly perfect boys in the Deep South.

First, they were perfect as regards their voices. One or two had absolute pitch. Next, they were the cream of the intellectual crop. Lastly, but importantly, they were perfect "little men" as regards deportment and manners. With this talent, the best he could find, he set to work; and the results were exceptional.

The unique (to Birmingham) organization sang first in the Independent Presbyterian Church, since most of the choir members came from the suburbs close by. Shortly, they began to sing in other churches in the state, and before long entertainment committees on every hand began to remember the Apollo boys. The "little men" had been in all parts of Alabama within a year of the choir's founding.

Mr. Cooper's first great triumph—and vindication before the folks who had predicted early dissolution of the choir—was at Thanksgiving time in 1935, when he took the boys to the Little White House at Warm Springs, Ga., to sing before President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Even there, he had a setback, for early on Thanksgiving morning, he was advised a high government official had flown to visit the President and that no one would be able to visit the chief executive that day.

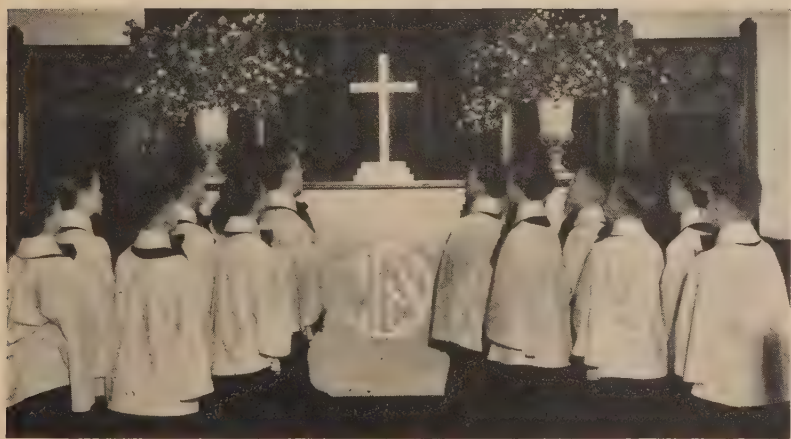
Undismayed, the director took his boys before the patients at the famed health resort and did his best job of directing that morning, the boys outdoing themselves in putting sunshine in the hearts of the infantile paralysis victims. Little did they dream that in the audience was the person who was to enable them to sing before the President: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt herself.

After commenting, "I believe that was the loveliest singing I have ever heard children do," Mrs. Roosevelt promised Mr. Cooper she would do all in her power to gain the choir an audience before the President. Several hours later, they sang before the chief executive, and sang excellently under his beaming smile. Since that time, the choir has sung for Mrs. Roosevelt in several other southern cities.

In the spring of 1935, by pure grit and hard work, Mr. Cooper was able to raise funds to take him and a star soprano of the choir to Europe, most of the time there being spent at historic Castle Wilhelminen-berg with members of the Vienna Boys' Choir. When he returned, it was with new and definite ideas in mind: He planned to obtain a summer camp for his boys, tours to Florida and to several northern cities, and he envisioned the day that was soon to come to pass—when he would make a showing in New York City.

How did he do these things with boys—rough, mischievous, play-loving, unreliable, traditionally unmusical-minded boys? Many a parent has written him this question, as have many would-be boys' choir directors. We'll let him give the answer:

"It is axiomatic that boys will be boys," he said. "And I believe this, with the addition of the word 'perfect.' For boys will be perfect boys, if given a chance. There are no hard and (Continued on page 48)



Top, Recessional. These charming little fellows must be perfectly trained physically as well as vocally. Above, part of the Choir singing before the altar


The more he thought of the idea, the more obsessed he became with it. He saw singing boys in his books, heard their voices in spite of the raucous speeches in the college chapel. Nothing could make him forget his vision of a group of boys singing carols—under his direction.

Today—you guessed it!—the youthful college student of '34 can look back on success. As founded and director of the Apollo Boys' Choir, Coleman Cooper in five years has built up his organization to such a degree that it would be a cultural,

lots and heirlooms to help him pay his way through school. Other sacrifices were being made by both him and other members of his family, but he struck out to build the choir even while continuing his schooling. By the time he had graduated from Birmingham-Southern College in June, 1934, he had gone into Birmingham's 32 city schools to find members for his choir and had built the nucleus of the organization which stands today. He examined thousands of boys in his private search for talent, many times walking miles to

THIS IS THE SIGNIFICANT STORY of a young Japanese-American girl who, unfamiliar with the old customs of her people, and wishing to be a real American, yet finds herself treated as an alien



 "HOW do you feel about the present situation in the far east?"

This is a question that the American-born Japanese are being repeatedly asked since the undeclared war between Japan and China started. I am a young American-born Japanese woman. I know now how the young Germans felt who were born, raised and educated in America at the time of World War.

Thousands of miles away from the frontiers of war, we "nisei," a colloquial word for second generation Japanese or American-born Japanese, are the object of hostility and pity. Sometimes I cannot help but feel sorry for those people who are less fortunate in education and ignorant as to the real situation and have such feelings toward us. At times I wonder at them when they ask questions such as "How are the feelings between the young Chinese and Japanese in this country," and then quickly add, "Of course, I shouldn't mention it. I'm sorry. So stupid of me."

I smile and try to explain that the young American-born Japanese here, that is the majority of them, have no hard feelings against the Chinese people. The young American-born Japanese are not criticizing the attitude taken by Japan in the present conflict. We do not go against the policy of the militaristic government of Japan, neither do we hate China for opposing such action. In fact we do not know why there is such a thing as war between the two nations.

I have read the various pamphlets and magazines put out by both countries. I know how the war started and I do sympathize with the people who are fighting at the front and for those that are left behind. I feel sorry for the people in China who are left homeless; the children who are orphaned by the war. Many Japanese children will be without fathers too—perhaps families left destitute also. Yes, in a way, what happens three thousand miles away has an effect on us. Some of my relatives are fighting in China. One of my cousins has been left fatherless, the father having been killed in the fall of Shanghai. But that does not make me bitter toward the young Chinese friends I made during our college days together.

These Chinese young people, like us, feel a certain loyalty to their mother country. During the campaign for raising funds for the helpless and wounded people of China



Who Am I?

By Toshi Doi

they contributed enormously. I too, have contributed toward the welfare of Japanese troops laboring in China, but I too, would contribute the same amount to any American troops laboring under the same circumstances. For after all, we are the same human beings underneath the skin.

The young American-born Japanese of today are so often misunderstood. We are reminded constantly that we are Japanese; that we are disloyal to America, our country by right of citizenship, when we are sympathetic toward Japan.

I must beg of you to remember that the vast majority of American-born Japanese, have never seen Japan, have no idea what the country looks like, are unfamiliar with Japanese customs. Most of our knowl-

edge about Japan is gathered from books, magazines, etc., written and published by Americans. Some, like me, have gathered stories and facts from the Americans who have visited or lived in Japan for a number of years. It may interest the general public to know that some of the Americans who are connected in diplomatic circles or business, in Japan, speak the Japanese languages far better than we American-born Japanese who have painstakingly studied for years and years at the Japanese language schools in this country.

Sometimes I wonder who I am anyway. My mother says I am a Japanese. The law says I am an American citizen. When I went to grammar school I was told to salute the American flag every morning,

because I was an American. I still do. I clapped whenever I saw a Japanese flag. The American government says I am an American by right of birth. Japan says I am a Japanese because of heredity. My face is typically oriental, yet I talk and act like an American. Perhaps environment is stronger than heredity in this case. I dress like an American, but I think like a Japanese. I have a Japanese parent who still clings to the old Japanese customs, traditions, and who talks to me the Japanese language at home, perhaps severely criticizes me for being too much like an American and too modern. So, I cannot help but think in Japanese. One cannot change in one generation what has been going on for many generations in the past. Perhaps our children and grandchildren will think like Americans and be Americans. I love good time; I go out and enjoy myself, but sometimes my Japanese mind tells me that I must not do it to the extreme lest I should bring bad reputation to my race.

My father came across the ocean on a ship, as did the ancestors of the American people, only his ship was not the Mayflower. My father was a pioneer on the west coast, digging gold, not a pioneer on

the eastern coast fighting Indians. He fought against nature and man, as did the people from the Mayflower. He fought man in the scramble for gold and he fought nature that refused to yield gold for all the people. The pioneers on the East coast fought against nature to make a living, and against Indians who refused to give up their lands. My father, and the people in the Mayflower, they were all pioneers in this great land of ours. But who am I?

Every American that I meet seems to think it very strange that I have never been to Japan or do not know anything about it. Most of us American-born Japanese are not fortunate enough financially to take the trip. Having been born, raised, educated in America I know nothing about Japan except what the average Americans know. I know what I've read and been taught out of books. But that is all I know. And after all isn't that what is expected of every American citizen? Just because you are German does not mean that you should know all the history of Germany. Just because you have an English parent does not mean that you should know every corner of England; that Shakespeare wrote Hamlet; or that Nelson was a British admiral.

I wonder how many Americans who have traveled in the Orient know the interior of Japan at all well. The usual places that they have seen are—from what I have been told—Kobe, Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Osaka. Once on the way back from a trip to Fort Ross, about eighty miles north of San Francisco, a friend and I stopped at a little town, a resort in the summer, to have dinner. The girl who served us had never been to San Francisco. Thousands of Americans have never seen San Francisco. Thousands of young Japanese have never seen Japan.

Some time ago a University of California professor happened to mention to me the name of a professor who is now teaching in the Tokyo Imperial University in Japan. He was shocked and astonished that I did not know that certain person. True, he did or may have written a book which dealt with the field that the California Professor was interested in, but that does not mean that

I ought to know of him or should know him. There are many people in the United States who do not know the name of our President. It rather amused me that a well-educated and cultured person should express himself so in regard to us American-born Japanese. No wonder we get ourselves so mixed up that we do not know where to turn.

A friend of mine who is now studying in Tokyo wrote to me once that she found it very hard to adjust herself to the living condition of her forefathers. As she herself expressed it: "I don't see how anyone educated in America can live here happily. I don't see how any girl could marry a Japanese man educated in Japan and adjust herself to his environment and thoughts. They think differently here. They dress differently. True, they wear the latest cut and style in men's suit, but they cannot wear it with the air of being accustomed to it. There is something in the gait, the droop of shoulder, the way the suit hangs on the shoulder that decidedly classes them as foreigners. We are the foreigners. We who decided to live in Japan have a great deal to overcome. For instance, our accent in speaking Japanese. We Japanese in America laugh at the foreign accent in the English spoken by the Japanese people educated in Japan. But the people of Japan laugh at the foreign accent in the Japanese language we American-born Japanese have. Often I talk with the Americans who are living in Japan and who speak Japanese language fluently and they speak with that English accent. And I think "Thank God, I don't speak like they do." But others tell me that I do have the same accent that the Americans have. So, I find myself classed as a foreigner by the Japanese and a foreigner by the Americans. I might as well live in the middle of the ocean. Pity, a real pity that we do not have an island of our own—Island of Nisei."

I have hunted for a job, wearing out the soles of my shoes, trying to find a job that would enable me to live up to the American standard of living. And I discovered that it is almost impossible to find any such job. American firms refuse to employ me since I did not speak enough Japanese. They only want me as an interpreter of Japanese. They have an opening for a linguist in Japanese, but not for a down-right good secretary. Why employ me when they could hire an American girl who would be just as efficient as I and who could meet the public better? It's the public that demands the services of Americans. In many of places I was refused the job, although I met every qualification because the general public refused to be waited on by a foreigner. In a Japanese firm I was refused the job because I could not speak, write, and read the Japanese language fluently, as well as English. Not only must one be an expert stenographer, secretary, etc., but also an expert in both the English and Japanese languages.

Yet, it is this same public that condemns the Japanese for their low standard of living. The Japanese cannot compete with the average American families. The only way to get a job is to work for less, and if they work for less, it is this same public that starts growling again about the "Yellow peril" that live like flies in filth and dirt. (Continued on page 49)



I WAS born in Fresno, California on April 18, 1915 and grew up on a farm. Was educated in local schools. After graduating from high school I stayed out four years before I entered Fresno State college. Now studying at San Francisco State college, I hope to get my degree in Home Economics from University of California at Berkeley.

Eldest of six children I helped dad run an eighty acres vineyard and truck garden and liked it. Love camping in the mountain, also horses. Do not like dogs and cat. Hobby—making doll's dresses and collecting dolls.

I attend the Japanese Methodist Church.

Toshi Doi

Parade of BROTHERHOOD

By Frank S. Mead

[PART VI]

North of the Rio Grande



MEXICO! Old Mexico! It is a world of venerable Aztec altars, of buried cities in the jungles of Yucatan, of ancient pyramids with carved plumed snakes crawling at their bases, built no man knows how many centuries ago. It is a land of beauty—of gorgeous desert sunsets, of native pottery and sombreros and guitars, of siestas every day and fiestas every saint's day. And there are volcanoes, social, political and economic, as well as the towering cones of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl.

Nothing has stood still in Mexico, for it is peopled with a race that has been eternally struggling forward. Revolutions, new governments, social upsets and economic reformations have come fast, on each other's heels. They have come so rapidly in the last twenty years that all the world is interested and watching closely. One wonders why, at times, any Mexican ever wants to leave a land like this, a land with such beauty and such an urge to lift itself up. The answer is: north of the Rio Grande in the United States, there have been better jobs and better wages.

Some thousands of Mexicans have always lived here; they didn't have to cross the border. They were here at the end of the Mexican War, and when we decided that the Rio Grande was to be the southern boundary of this country, we found a considerable Mexican population already with us. They have the Mexican color and skin and speech, but they are Americans. Recently a group of young people were taken by their parents, because of the depression, across the line into Mexico. When they tried to return, immigration officials stopped them—and

promptly let them go when they found that they were not immigrants, but native-born Americans.

In 1930 there were roughly a million and a half Mexicans in the United States, spread from El Paso to New York. In Texas there were 683,681. Vermont has one. Los Angeles has the second largest Mexican population of any city in the world. That population will probably stay fairly constant, for more Mexican babies were born in California last year than the total number of deportees and emigrants in the same twelve months. If the depression ends and there are more jobs to be had in the Southwest, then we will surely have another flood of labor from beyond the southern bank of the river.

As a laborer, this Mexican is in great demand. He does the manual work of the Southwest and does it cheaply. He is digging out the copper in the mines of New Mexico and Arizona, and inhaling the deadly dust that produces tuberculosis as he digs. He picks and shells the pecan crop for \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. He works in factories at a wage of \$4 to \$6.50 a week. You will find Mexican women in dress factories, in laundries, as maids in private homes, making anywhere from \$2.75 to \$9 a week. You will find janitor boys in the big buildings, and if you look down the track from your seat on the observation car, you will see that the railroad hand is a Mexican, and that he lives in a box car at the side of the track.

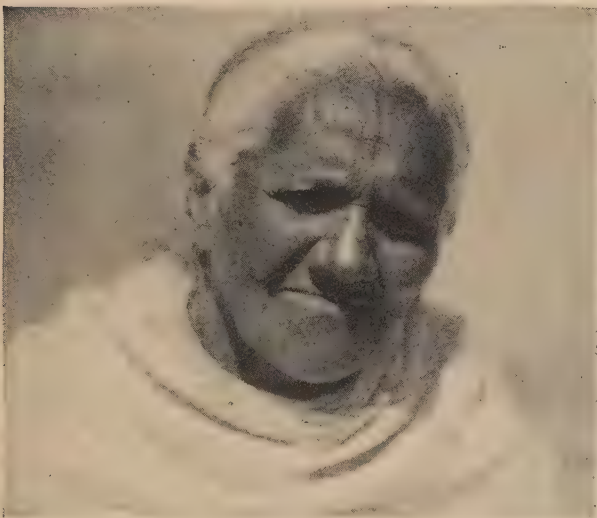
Others follow the harvests. They are

in sugar beets in May, cotton in June, fruit in July and August, grapes in September, walnuts and lettuce in the Imperial Valley in the late fall. They range from Pennsylvania to Michigan to the West Coast. Winters, they park their rattle-trap automobiles on the Coast and try to outwit starvation until the harvests start again.

For most of them, the Promised Land fulfills few promises. They live in houses hardly worthy of the name. They rent, and renting to Mexicans is a paying proposition for the white landlord. He makes repairs seldom, if at all. He paints a house only when driven to it, never thinks of installing showers or bath tubs; he builds cheap and rents cheap and lets the house fall down when it will.

Even sidewalks are lacking in some of the Mexican settlements of our cities. The city of San Antonio recently brought a crowd of Mexican strikers into court on the charge of "obstructing the sidewalks." The city lost the case; the defense attorney proved definitely that there were no sidewalks to obstruct.

Their living conditions encourage sickness and death. Low wages—and there are no lower in the United States—make their children easy prey to undernourishment diseases. There is a racial segregation, unofficial but effective nonetheless, that denies many of them a chance at education. Recreational facilities are lacking. Juvenile delinquency and child crime flourish.



In spots, there is no discrimination against the Mexican. He enters easily into high school and college. Whatever persecution he suffers is at the hands of those who are no credit to their race or creed. And the best friend he has is the Christian American who sees him as a brother to be helped and not as an unfortunate to be exploited. These friends are doing a great deal. . . .

Down in San Antonio, backed by the Christian churches of the city, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Red Cross and a dozen other agencies, is the Mexican Christian Institute. San Antonio is a good place for the Institute, for one third of the city's population is Mexican. They live in a settlement on the west side; their best-known citizen is Mr. E. G. Luna, head of the Institute.

The Institute began with the building of a church; for years after its founding in 1913, the program was strictly religious. Then up around the church grew other buildings, other activities. There came a clinic.

The leaders saw that the people they must minister to were a sick people. They found babies ill either because their parents had no milk or because they did not know how to feed them. Tuberculosis ran riot; syphilis was a scourge. There were typhoid, diphtheria and infrequent vaccination. There were few clinics anywhere; County Hospital had one and the city health department another, but both were far from the West Side. So the Institute proceeded to establish a clinic of its own.

Not just a clinic, but a series of them. Today there is a well baby clinic, to which mothers come to learn how to keep the baby healthy. A nurse from the city health department and a specialist in baby feeding are in charge. If the mothers are able to pay, they do so gladly; if they can't, they find a welcome, money or no money.

There is a prenatal clinic; twenty mothers a week come here, learning how to care for themselves before the baby is born. Wassermann tests are given every patient; positives cases are sent to a hospital. There is a general clinic treating everything from cut fingers to chickenpox and cholera; medicines are sold at cost or given free. An injection clinic offers vaccination against typhoid and diphtheria and smallpox. There are lectures once a month on all phases of health. The Institute is San Antonio's first line trench against illness.

The Institute found itself located in the midst of a population badly in need of education; on that problem the Institute started at the bottom. Every morning from 8 to 11:30 the trained teachers of the Institute round up the children of kindergarten age and go to work. Faces are washed. Unruly hair is combed. Pants are patched. Thirty-two youngsters from four to six years of age pull their little chairs into a circle and hear teacher tell a simple Bible story; it is the beginning of a teaching about Jesus that will never be forgotten. Here is Miss Leona Wood, kindergarten director, describing a typical day: "Last week we went to the church yard for an Easter egg hunt. Each child took a basket he had made and when the baskets were full of eggs, we talked about the church bell and went inside to ring it. While we were busy with the bell we noticed the minister standing near the pulpit, so the children gathered around him for a prayer of thanks and to sing songs. As we went out of the door one child said, 'It is so pretty in there.'"

"When they (the children) are six we take them to public school and invite them to come back to the Institute in the afternoon, following school, to join a club of older children. . . . Many of the young people in both the Institute and the church have been coming here since they started in kindergarten. Three of the teachers in the primary department of the church school started here when they were five years old. A minister's wife came one day and said she had attended kindergarten here and wanted to know if we had room for her daughter.

"A Mexican woman who lives next door to our playground says she knows her children are in a good place when they are here, because she has seen so many happy children. . . . Our playground is a very popular place because the children of this community have no place to play except in dirty alleys and busy streets. . . . While they are here in classes or at play we try to provide a wholesome Christian environment in which they may develop into Christian citizens. . . ."

Graduating from kindergarten, the children enter a club. There is a club for everybody. The girls start in a Girl Reserves group, carrying out a regular Young Women's Christian Association program, making Mexican curios and thus preserving a valuable art and folklore; they play soft ball, volley ball.

These are the types of Mexicans, of all ages, who have adopted the United States as their native land. They have a background of civilization as old as the pyramids of Egypt

A senior girls' club goes in for cooking, hygiene and homemaking; the young women's club (18-25) has lectures and debates on their age problems, stressing always the Christian ideal. A small girls' club, a sewing club managed by four laywomen from the Central Christian Church, a young women's club specializing in ways and means of helping girls less fortunate than they, a grown-up women's club. . . . There is a club for every girl on the west side, and every woman. And a library. There is no other library within two miles. Says Miss Hood, the librarian: "A book about Jesus seldom stays overnight in the library."

Clubs for boys and men! Small boy clubs, building bird houses and painting Mexican pictures, visiting the zoo and city hall. The Eleven-year Old Club specializes in arts and crafts and ball games with teams of American boys; their prejudices are forgotten in the excitement of hits and runs; Jesus, says their director, is their model. The Thirteen-Year Old Club takes boys out of pool rooms and dancehalls, learns first aid, sponsors basketball, studies Pasteur, Livingstone and Lincoln as models for living. There are more clubs for fifteen-year olds, twenty-five-year-olds, with programs fitted to their ages.

So the Institute touches every side of Mexican life in San Antonio: health, education, citizenship, religion. And the greatest of these is religion. The main drive at the Institute is to develop the Christian philosophy and to cultivate in men the mind which was in Christ. The hub around which all its activities whirls is the little church building on the edge of the Institute grounds. Says Mr. Luna: "We consider the Institute a branch of the church."

Over in Los Angeles there is a one-man home mission project by the name of Francisco Quintanilla. Captain once in the army of Pancho Villa, he is captain now in the army of the Lord: he is Rev. Francisco Quintanilla, one of the leading ministers of the City of The Angels.

He was a captain under Villa at seventeen, and he was almost shot to pieces when the band of the revolutionist broke up. Wounded, he lay in hiding for five days with no water and no food. Somehow, he got home; he found home burned to the ground and his relatives scattered. He wandered north, crossed the border, and in the streets of Pasadena he met an old friend, Pastor A. C. Gonzalez, who invited him to come along to a church service. The captain laughed. Church? He was through with all that. He'd graduated from religion when he became a revolutionist. But something in the invitation of his friend, the minister, warmed his heart. He went with him.

When he came out of the church he was a different man; he had a new grip on himself and a new view of life, and he began to talk of saving men instead of shooting them. The mission sent him to school. When he finished he wanted to preach, so he was sent to Watts. Watts! What a reputation that town had, in the early days. Watts was wild and woolly. There wasn't much of a chance for a boy or girl to enjoy a decent social life in Watts; there wasn't any religion worthy of the name.

When Norman Taylor of Yale surveyed the ground just before Quintanilla arrived, he reported that the immorality among the 22,000 Mexicans in the vicinity was rarely equaled anywhere in the New World. The young captain knew that, but he went anyway. All his life he'd been a fighter; this looked like a good battle ground.

He organized a church in Watts. He built a modest little one-room chapel and opened its doors. A bootlegger dropped in. Bootlegging was dropping off, for this was just before repeal, and the worried rum runner had forty gallons of liquor on his hands that he didn't know what to do with.

"Destroy it," said Quintanilla. It was destroyed.

"I've got a good gun, too. Paid thirty-



Old Road

There's an old dirt road that runs
along

The cowslip-bordered stream
Where willows lean to hear the song
And water-lilies dream.

An old dirt road, not traveled much,
But at its bend I see

A friendly waving hand and know
What pleasures wait for me.

An old dirt road that winds itself
Around a corner, where,
Beyond the dusty sumac trees
Are memories to share.

For every heart some time, some where
Has known and longed to be
Where an old dirt road winds in and
out

In the land of memory.

Grace Sayre



eight dollars for it. What about that?" asked the bootlegger.

"You were thirty-eight dollars a fool. Smash it." The "gat" was smashed. "Now get on your knees." They got on their knees. When they got up the bootlegger was no more; a new member joined the Mexican Church of the Good Shepherd. He and his family are still members.

A Mexican boy in San Quentin is dressed for his execution; he is to die for a murder he never committed. The minister from Watts (now called, lovingly, El Buen Pastor), drives at sixty-seventy miles an hour along El Camino Real to the office of Governor Merriam, submits new evidence and saves an innocent man. The man was worth saving; just before he gave up and prepared to march the last

mile he wrote what he thought was his final letter, protesting his innocence and beginning with the words, "Greetings in the Precious Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. . ." This might have been Paul writing from Rome.

A medical racketeer is taking money from a poor Mexican, "doctoring" a baby that gets steadily worse. Desperate, the father comes to El Buen Pastor; the racketeer is arrested, the child taken to a hospital. In recent months 275 medical cases that might have gone to the racketeers and the quacks have been handled by the church office.

A boy is picked up by the police: he has taken his first step in crime. He is turned over to Pastor Quintanilla; he forgets his crime and his arrest in the social hall of the Good Shepherd, and goes back to school. "Today," says the ex-revolutionist, "there were forty, and yesterday we had to help thirty. . . . I meet nearly all my congregation, in the first contact, in trouble."

On this "most immoral" ground that Taylor surveyed, El Buen Pastor has a Sunday school of 590; he has reached and touched vitally over 7,000 in the last twelve months; he had 77,421 Mexicans in his religious meetings in 1937. His church is no longer large enough. He is so overcrowded that he has to ask his boys and girls to stay away from church so the older folks can get in; he asks the older ones to stay away from Sunday School so the youngsters can get in. In a day when there is too much talk of empty pews he hasn't pews enough.

Like Luna in San Antonio, he fills those pews by putting faith before social service. He instills Christ first and lets the heaven work. Evidently it has worked well, for if you were to glance at his last financial statement you will find this item a top of the budget: "Servicio Mundial—Ofrenda Misionera—\$110." Which, being rather freely interpreted, means that this poverty-stricken community of Mexicans is contributing the annual sum of one hundred and ten dollars to carry the gospel to other Latins, Negroes and Orientals within our gates—and, likely, to a few native-born Americans. Thus have sprouted the seeds cast about by a once discouraged, disgusted, sick and cynical ex-captain under Villa, who was picked up on the streets of Pasadena.

There are others. You'll find them scattered from San Antonio to New York; Menaul School at Albuquerque is worth a chapter in any book; the Cathedral Settlement in Arizona also has its kindergarten, health inspection, clubs, athletics, concerts and educational classes, building a new Christian Mexican character in old Arizona. And over in Mexico itself there is a man named Pina, a preacher and an engineer who served his apprenticeship in the oil fields of Tampico, who now preaches, builds markets and irrigation dams and ditches, advises on diets and medicines, saves crops and wins souls with his wife as helper; Pina is a study in modern adventure who deserves a book.

There are still others. There are 375 Mexican evangelical churches in the United States, with 30,000 members. From all the communities in which they are planted there flow social, political, economic and religious influences.



By
Clifford Parcher

DO YOUR children enjoy long automobile trips? If the answer is yes, you should thank your lucky stars, for those youngsters are certainly exceptions. From a prolonged observation of my own two children, I am quite prepared to state that with practically every child the possibilities of riding for riding's sake are completely exhausted (along with the parents!) in anywhere from fifteen to sixty minutes. And woe be to the peace of mind of that child's parents unless they are prepared to offer something amusing in the way of entertainment.

The problem doesn't begin to materialize until the youngsters leave the "rag doll and rattle" stage. But once that phase is passed, the sooner the parents acquire a bagful of tricks consisting of car games, stunts and pastimes, the easier they will find traveling with their children.

You will be surprised to find how much fun there is in one of those simple little celluloid pinwheels. Held just outside an open window, it spins with a merry whirl. Then there are many interesting experiments possible in trying to find locations inside the car where there is breeze enough to keep the blades revolving. Even Daddy may have difficulty in keeping his eyes on the road ahead while the experiment is being performed.

The car radio is a veritable boon to harassed parents who are taking their children on a long journey. Since the traveling is likely to be done in daytime hours, there is a variety of choice between leading programs for children. To pick up the Singing Lady or one of the other favorites out on the road is like meeting a close friend by chance in a foreign country. Of

course there are not always children's programs available when the radio is tuned in, but the musical programs have an appeal for the younger travelers, too.

One of the simplest and at the same time most popular car games is based on counting the number of animals, things, or even people, seen from the windows. In its easiest form, just one thing is selected and each player keeps count of the number he or she sees. For example, it might be dogs. When Bob sees a dog he adds one to his score but he keeps very quiet about it, hoping that Jane and Mummie and Daddy didn't see that particular one. A limit of five or ten can be set, with the player first reaching that number becoming the winner. Or the game can be continued indefinitely until the children tire of it. Other animals or things can be

substituted for dogs, the selection depending upon whether the car is traveling country roads or city streets at the time. There is no limit to the selection available as you can decide upon cats, cows, bicycles, horses, windmills, drug stores, trucks, weather vanes, roadside stands, or any one of a host of other items.

Another game that is really lots of fun without being any strain on the mind is Collecting the Alphabet. There are two ways of playing it, depending upon the age of the youngest contestant. In its simpler form it can be enjoyed by any youngster who can recognize the letters, and in the early school years this is excellent training. The object is to see, in sequence, all the letters of the alphabet, either on billboards, signs, store windows, the sides of trucks, or anywhere else, all the letters

THE CHILDREN NEEDN'T GET RESTLESS

A few suggestions for keeping them
amused on long automobile trips

from A to Z. When young children are involved, the whole family works together and aloud in spotting the letters. The resulting game is really a lot more fun than it sounds here, especially when it comes to locating some of the less frequently used letters such as X, Z and Q.

Another game which children can play among themselves, although they usually like to have Mummie and Daddy join in, is to take turns in choosing an object in, on or outside the car and letting the others try to guess it. Like most car games this one is subject to numerous variations. The person who is "it" can say, for instance, "I see something beginning with L." If one of the contestants guesses that the lake along which they are driving is

though its possibilities are usually exhausted in fairly short order. The game is called Buzz for a very good reason as you will presently see. We'll assume that seven has been chosen as the "buzz" number. The first player is supposed to count as far as he can without making a mistake, substituting the word "buzz" for all digits or multiples of seven. Let's listen to him!

"One, two, three, four, five, six, buzz, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, buzz, fifteen, sixteen, one-buzz, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, buzz, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-buzz, twenty-eight—"

He missed! Twenty-eight, as a multiple of seven, should have been called buzz. The next player starts all over again and

to realize that this game is ideal for car playing. The usual way of playing is to send one player out of the room while the rest of the group decide on some object anywhere in the world. Then the player returns and asks questions around the circle, all of which can be answered by "yes" or "no." Naturally he tries to identify the object within twenty questions.

Now it would obviously be rather difficult to send a player "out of the room" when the game is played in a traveling car. The best solution is for someone to select the object, write it on a piece of paper and pass the paper to everyone except "it."

If you've never played Twenty Questions, these few hints will indicate the best attack for early questions in order to get you to the point where you are "hot" or at least "warm." Ask if it's in sight, in the car, in the state, in the country, in your home town, in your house, and so forth. Another useful device, when you have the general location settled, is to halve and then quarter a house, a state, a room, or anything else that will bring you nearer to the solution. The game really is lots of fun and easily qualifies as one of those amusements that will be equally enjoyed by children and adults if the children are not too young.

We didn't do justice to the number plate games when we stopped with just one. A favorite amusement on our trips for some years past has been seeing how many states we could list from registration tags. Due to the fact that we live in a section where there is a lot of summer touring, we are usually able to run our lists up to a goodly number. If I remember correctly, we have even been well into the thirties on a single trip. Regardless of where you live, there is so much traveling done nowadays that the game can be played anywhere. It can either be a family collaboration or a competitive activity with each player keeping his own list.

Or suppose you start a hunt to see who will be the first to locate a series of plates on which the final digits run from zero to nine. If you want to do some real fast work, let everyone search for a registration number the digits of which add up to a predetermined amount, such as thirty-four. But don't play that game for long at a time, or for that matter any number plate game, because it's too hard on the eyes.

Nothing could be more appropriate for a car game than an adaptation of "My Aunt Went to Paris." Remember it? For the car it can be changed to, "We're on our way to Grandma's" (or whatever your destination for the current trip may happen to be), "and in our bag we have—," and then the player names as ridiculous an article as possible, beginning with "a." The next player repeats the standard phrase and the object named by player number one, and then adds his choice of article which must start with "b." In turn the players each repeat all that has gone before plus something else, the initial of which is the next letter in the alphabet.

Let's play the game for a moment to see just how it works out. The first player begins by saying, "We are going to Aunt Sue's and in our bag we have an apricot." The next one says, "We are going to Aunt Sue's and in our bag we have an apricot and a bone." This is followed by, "We are

(Continued on page 49)



the object referred to, he in turn becomes "it" and tries to select something that it will be even harder to guess. On the other hand if everyone is forced to "give up," the first player tells the others the object that they failed to identify, selects another, and the game goes on.

Or, the monotony that may have begun to be felt can often be relieved by changing to, "I see something brown." One player guesses the carpet on the floor of the car, another names a farmhouse which is in sight, still another offers the floor of pine needles under the trees along the road, and finally a player succeeds in naming the correct object—a brown cow in a pasture which has been visible all the time. So he is given the privilege of naming the new object and the game goes on.

Another amusing game is a simple variety of the many number plate games which are available for car use. As we played it, each person took alternate cars which we met (if three people were playing, each one would have every third car) and kept a cumulative score by adding the first figure at the left hand side of the number plate. The first one to reach fifty won. It is possible to vary the winning amount or to let the game go on indefinitely or up to the counting limit of the children who are playing.

Mentioning the counting ability of the children reminds me of a game which is really very good arithmetic training, al-

though it goes higher before making a mistake. The same "buzz number" can be used for a full round or you can shift to a different one with every turn.

There's another game which is also excellent training along quite different lines, although it is not suitable for very young children. Each player watches for examples of poor driving and jots down a brief note of every case he sees. At the end of a stated time the players take turns in reading their lists aloud and explaining what was wrong in each case. Daddy usually acts as the judge, approving or eliminating the items as they are read.

Here's a method I have found for shortening the miles on a long trip. If the road is familiar territory for the children, you can decide upon any landmark, regardless of whether it is visible or not. However, the game is just as much fun if it is necessary to choose a visible object at some distance ahead. The object is to guess how far away the landmark, house or whatever you are in miles and tenths. After the players have registered their guesses, they will probably be so absorbed in watching the tenths roll off on the speedometer that they won't even realize that each tenth is bringing them that much nearer to their destination.

Most people have at one time or another played Twenty Questions, which in my experience is played just as often at adult parties as children's affairs, but few seem

Jakie said: "You know I'm ready
and waitin' to marry you any minute.
We won't hafta be so pore. Things air
goin' good with me—I'm makin' money"

FOREIGN INVASION

By
May Dixon Thacker

[PART THREE]



SYNOPSIS: The Owens are a mountain family, living in a cabin in the North Carolina Appalachians. Pa secretly runs a moonshine still; Ma is a toil-worn, faded old woman, of excellent stock but illiterate. Milly, nineteen, and Vi, fifteen, are pretty girls, already longing to see the world outside. Jim Hartman and Fred Adair, two real estate men, attempt to buy the cabin, but Ma refuses to sell, keeping her hand on her old family Bible, her most precious possession. Through Hartman and Adair, the girls get jobs as chambermaids in a resort hotel. The girls are smitten with the handsome young fellows, and hope they will be asked to marry them. They have to make a trip back to Split Lick to attend the trial of their brother-in-law, Tunny Sprunt. Miss Wray, a Welfare Worker, forbids them to return to Hill Top, but the girls, defiant, slip away in the night. The next morning Milly is awakened by a pounding on her door, and a gruff voice demanding, "Open, in the name of the law." (Now go on with the story.)



IN A split second, standing in the middle of the floor, I decided what to do. They had me trapped, but they would not get me. They already had, Vi, my younger sister. She would be taken to Camarsand, a North Carolina State Reform School for Wayward Girls.

The pounding on the door grew louder; somebody shook the knob. "Open—in the name of the Law!" was repeated.

I changed tactics, suddenly. "Aw—all right," I drawled. "Wait a minute 'till I get somethin' on."

While I was talking, I grabbed a hat and coat and purse. Fumbling in a bureau drawer, I found a little pistol Jim Hartman had given me—when Vi and I first came to the Tourist Camp to work. By the time the last word was spoken, I was half way out the rear window.

The cabins at Hill Top Tourist Camp circled a court near the edge of a steep cliff. I hopped out the window and fell,

sprawling, rolling over and over, down and down, but finally gained a foothold and ran like mad. The cabin shielded me from observation, as I tore down the cliff into a deep gorge.

A stream of shallow water gurgled. Without hesitation, I leaped into it. The narrow bottom was sand and gravel and I could make better progress than breaking through the dense viney tangled undergrowth. Besides—maybe the Welfare Officer, Miss Wray, was capable of using bloodhounds. The water would stop them.

I had no idea where I was going but I knew why. I was running from a commitment to Camarsand because I refused to stay at home at Split Lick and get married to Jakie McRoy, a mountain man. I liked Jakie but was interested in Jim Hartman, a "furriner." I was running away from everything I had known in the old life in the mountains. I didn't dare think about that; my throat choked me. I wanted to think about the new thrilling adventures toward which I was heading.

I did not pause as long as I heard echoes of the noises at the Camp where, of course, a general alarm had been given and everybody was hunting for me. The noises grew dimmer, as I put distance and mountain and forest between us.

I knew by the time the men actually broke down the door of the cabin, I would be far enough away for comparative safety. I rightly inferred they would not think I would dare plunge out the window, down the cliff into the deep, black, almost impenetrable ravine. They'd hunt for me elsewhere.

I was a sight. The little revolver was clutched in the hand that grasped my purse. My stockings were soaking wet. The bottom of my skirt was bedraggled, though I had caught and held it with the

free hand. I felt and looked disreputable.

After a couple of miles, I found an old log in a small clearing and sat down. The sun was shining bright and hot. I took off the wet shoes and stockings and spread them to dry while I held council with my predicament.

Nowhere was there sight or sound of habitation. I sighed with relief. Appalachian folk like plenty of elbow room. . . . However, the particular isolation in which I found myself at the moment was not to my liking. I knew the direction in which I had been going—toward Devil's Den, in a Cove, on the river's edge. But—Pappy and my brothers, George and Will, might be there. They worked at the still with the Spenzors. . . . How Ma hated that still!

Poor Ma! Something tugged at my heartstrings when I thought of her—and the four younger children. But especially—Ma. All her heart and life was wrapped up in that old rotting cabin and her Bible and family. . . . I made up my mind I'd always keep in touch with her.

The immediate danger was in being seen. I had observed how relentlessly those Welfare women pursue a girl, once they have a warrant. I had heard it talked about at the Mayfair.

The Mayfair brought to mind—Mrs. Morris, the rich lady who had been nice to us, who had offered Ma a hundred dollars for her Bible. Was she maybe the answer to my dilemma?

Vi didn't like the kind-faced lady guest at the Mayfair. I wondered—why? I thought she was grand. But—could it be

that she was in league with those Welfare women and their works?

I had to take some chance. Mrs. Morris appeared the best bet. I knew she smoked and drank. That wasn't like the Welfare bunch. . . . Sitting on the log in the wilderness, I decided to make my way to the hotel and—to Mrs. Morris. I'd beg her to hide me until things blew over.

It was a long distance and pitch black night when I caught a first glimpse of the hotel, perched high on the edge of a rocky cliff, with lights twinkling from every window.

Suddenly I remembered that the two Spenzor girls, Myrtle and Pearl, had gone back to work at the Mayfair because Roxanna, their mother, just wouldn't let them stay at Hill Top. Maybe they could help me and they'd never tell on anybody. Really, I'd rather hide with them than go to Mrs. Morris. At least—until I had thought things through better. . . .

I knew where their room had been, over the garage. Watching a chance, I slipped to the little side staircase, stumbled up it and rapped at the door.

A strange girl that I had never seen before opened the door; I slipped inside and closed it. "Oh! I thought Myrtle and Pearl Spenzor had this room."

The girl was looking me over. "They did, but they're not here any more," she said. Adding, "You're a friend of theirs?"

"All our lives."

"They've run away," was her startling information. "You look like you might have run away from somewhere too."

"N-no!" I fibbed carelessly. I couldn't trust any strange person; was sorry I had gotten in there, but it couldn't be helped. "Where did the girls go?" I asked.

"They got swell jobs up north, but their mother cut up something awful and they had to get away without her knowing it."

"How did they get the jobs?" I asked.

"Through an Agency. Right here in the hotel."

"When did this happen?"

"Day before yesterday."

"How did they go?"

"On the train. Swell! The Agency advances money for traveling expenses."

That sounded good! It might be a way out—for me. But of course, there was Jim. I felt that everything would be all right just as soon as I could get in touch with him.

The girl occupying the room had come from near Little Switzerland, she said. She let me fix up a bit, wash my face and comb my hair; my dress was a hopeless rag. . . .

"Do you know Mrs. Morris?" I asked.

"Sure. Ain't she grand?"

"I've come to see her. Just thought I'd peep in on Myrtle and Pearl."

What that girl was thinking of me, I didn't know. She invited me to spend the night with her, though, and—after all—I might be glad to. Impatient to be out—I thanked her and said I might be back.

On the ground again, I slipped into one of the unlocked garages—not to be seen while I waited a chance to cross the courtyard toward Mrs. Morris' room. In the garage stood a fine new shiny car that had a familiar look. I walked around it. . . . It was Jim Hartman's sedan! He was here—at the Mayfair. Often, he spent the night here. . . . What a swell car it



was; so different from poor Jakie's old broken down Ford. . . .

The knowledge that Jim was near made me all the more impatient to get to Mrs. Morris. If I only had a decent dress! I could never let Jim see me looking like I did!

In the dim light, I saw that the back of Jim's sedan was packed full. Not boxes, but bales of something—with heavy cloth binding, neatly tied with rope. . . . I wondered what it was!

That he, himself, was here—so close—quickened my heartbeat and my determination to get to the kind lady who was a friend of both of us.

I knew well the location of Mrs. Morris' suite; the first door in a hall on the second floor next to an outside entrance. It played into my purpose.

Mrs. Morris rarely mingled with the guests in the public parlors after dinner. The lights in her suite burned brightly. Two of the shades had not been pulled down.

Presently I saw her moving about.

It was my chance. Swift and silent as

a fawn, I slipped across the open yard space to the flight of outside stairs.

I stumbled and nearly fell, before I saw a woman huddled in the shadow on the bottom step, impeding my way.

"Let me by," I muttered impatiently.

"Milly!" said a familiar voice.

"Ma!"

She got up and caught my arm to steady herself. "I 'lowed you'd come here."

I was so tired and messy and hungry, I couldn't shake off Ma's gentle hand. My throat choked. What on earth did she have to be there for, I wondered, miserably? I gulped, ready to cry from chagrin.

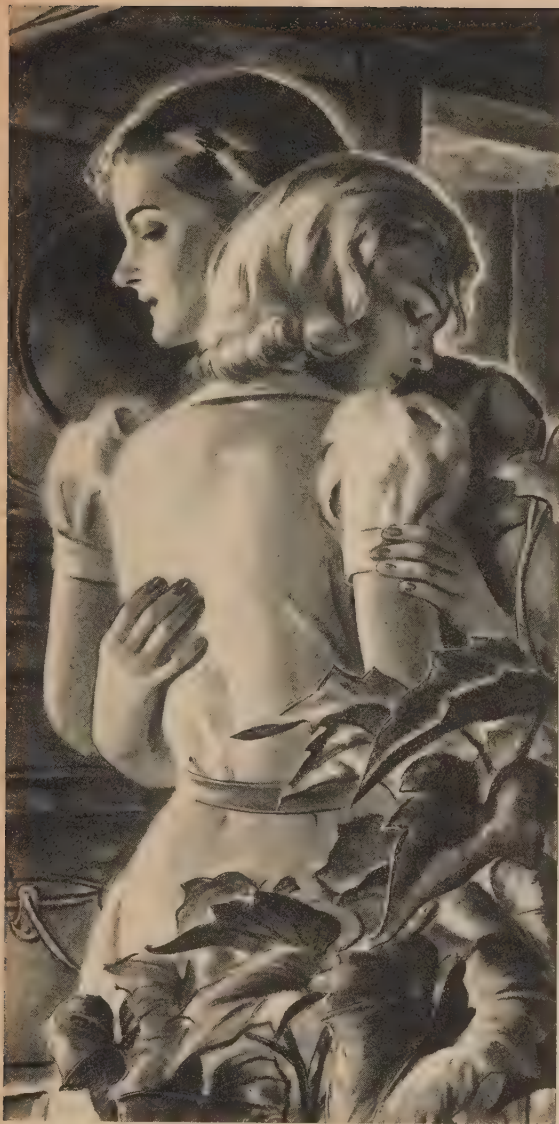
"Come on with me, Milly. Let's go home," she said.

I pulled away but crazily wanted to feel her old bony arms around me, holding me tight. Fighting off this impulse, I said, "I can't go with you, Ma."

She pressed closer and her voice was gentle. "Why not? Ain't nothin' a-goin' to hurt you," she comforted.

"I won't go to Camarsand," was all I could think to say.

"You don't hafta," she declared.



"They got Vi, didn't they?" I challenged.

"Yes. But—hit's all right. We'll fix hit. Let's git away from here."

I wiggled from her. "Ma, I'm not going with you," I said. "You're tricking me."

"Don' act lak a fool, Milly," she reproved. "I ain't never tricked nobody an' you know hit."

"Why can't I see Mrs. Morris. She's a friend of mine," I cried, stubbornly.

"She ain't no friend o' yourn er mine," declared Ma, firmly. "I can't stand a-talk-in' here lak this. Jakie is waitin' in his car down the road a piece."

Jakie! "I won't see Jakie," I sobbed. "Ma—please!" I burst into tears of nervous vexation. Tramping all day through the forests without food had put me on the verge of hysterics. Ma knew it and her hand tightened on my arm.

"Come on, Milly honey," she urged. "You kin trust you' old Ma. She'll take care o' you. Nobody kin git you—nobody!"

"You swear that Miss Wray is not with

But—I must have a clear, definite understanding. "You promise, Ma, they won't arrest me and drag me to Camarsand?" I persisted.

"I promise," she said solemnly.

"All right. I'll go with you." I'd see what it was all about. . . .

We slipped through the shadows; Ma leading but holding my hand to keep me close.

I was thankful for darkness where Jakie was waiting, parked on the side off the road; ashamed for even him to see me so dirty and bedraggled. He was seated behind the wheel. Silently, we climbed into the back seat of her old car and bumped off.

The trip was made in silence; each of us busy with our own thoughts. Mine were cogitating how I could get back to Hill Top—quickly. I wasn't worrying about Camarsand, for Ma would keep her word; only with that Miss Wray. It did trouble me a bit, wondering how far Ma would be able to hold the situation in hand. . . .

The old log cabin at home behind the

"You are too young to understand," said Miss Wray emphatically. "I am Welfare Officer for this section. I'm responsible for every girl under eighteen. And I do not like conditions at Hill Top. Arrangements have been made for Vi to go to Penmore School—if you will cooperate"

Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

Jakie?" I asked.

"She ain't."

"Is she at Split Lick?" I demanded to know.

"Yes. She's thar. An' so is Vi."

"Vi! She wasn't taken to Camarsand? They didn't arrest her?" astonished, for that idea was fixed.

"Yes, they arrested her. They had to. But we've arranged things—providin' you help. Providin'!"

"Providing—nothing!" I scoffed. "You can't fix me up, Ma . . . not with Miss Wray's gang. I got other plans." Which wasn't true for I had no plans.

Her tone of voice changed. She was actually pleading as she said, "I need you, Milly. I need you powe'ful bad. If you won't come home with me, Vi'll have to go to Camarsand. She will. You kin save her an'—all o' us. Vi tole me to tell you to 'please come!'"

"Vi said that!" I cried. I felt myself weakening. Of all the people on earth I could trust Ma! Only—she didn't understand and I couldn't explain. Poor Vi. Dear little fool! She was so pretty and so alive and so—young. She would not have failed me. And Ma never deceived anybody—ever! No matter what. Nobody could drag a lie out of her. . . .

beechwood trees, nestling in the gorge flanked on all sides by high mountains, was not visible until we were directly in front.

A kerosene lamp placed in a window feebly penetrated the surrounding blackness. Dark forms moved around on the porch. Jakie stopped directly in front of the old picket-fence gate.

He said to me, "I ain't comin' in, Milly. Tain't best. You know I'm ready an' waitin' to marry you any minute. We won't hafta be so pore. Things air goin' good with me. I'm makin' money—fast. . . . I'm gittin' more business all the time. More orders than I kin make. Gittin' ready to enlarge agin. . . . I'm makin' money—" he repeated.

I interrupted. "You—poor, dear, old Scout! I like you lots, Jakie. But—I can't marry you."

He was used to hearing it, perhaps. He got back into his car. He said, "I'll be back tomorror."

"Okay," I called after him.

Miss Wray met me half way from the gate to the cabin. She put an arm across my shoulders, affectionately.

"Why do you dislike me so much, Milly?" she asked kindly.

"I don't like anybody that noses around in other people's affairs," was my terse reply.

She expected rebuff; it did not muddle her. "I have your good at heart, dear," she said. "If I didn't believe that you and Vi are worth a lot of trouble, I wouldn't bother. Have you ever thought of that?"

"You're paid for what you do," I retorted. "We can get along, Vi and me."

Vi was waiting on the porch. Nobody else was around; the younger children had gone to their pulled-out trundle-bed.

Vi kissed me as Miss Wray was talking; "You may think you can get along. I guess you do. But you do not know what you're up against. Great changes are taking place. Powerful forces are at work in the mountains; forces of evil, Milly, and you and Vi are too fine to be sucked under by them, and sacrificed."

"I don't know what you're talking about—forces of evil and being sacrificed," I complained.

We sat down, putting chairs in a circle; Vi and me and Ma and Miss Wray. The katydids sang crazily in the beech trees; the chickens, roosting in the althea bush near by, fluttered and squawked, now and then.

I was impatient to get this harangue over. "I know there are changes going on and I'm beginning to think they are swell changes too."

"Miss Wray knows, Milly," Ma emphasized. "You take heed to her."

"The changes are exceedingly dangerous," said Miss Wray, slowly. "You can scarcely be expected to understand; what it means for three million people—here in the mountains—who have lived in isolation for generations, who know nothing of present-day civili- (Continued on page 50)



WHY CHURCHES BURN

By Irene H. Burnham

ONE frosty night in January, 1933, chimes on St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Hot Springs, Virginia, began to play a wild, unrhythmical medley. The inhabitants of the town, aroused from their midnight slumbers, rushed to the streets to discover that the church was in flames. Some were inclined to attribute supernatural significance to this unusual fire alarm. But, remembering that an old philosopher once said, "The supernatural is merely the natural that men do not understand," those of a more practical turn of mind soon discovered that crossed wires, caused by flames which had started in the pipes of an overheated furnace, had led to the "wild bells ringing to the wild night."

Neither supernatural warnings nor the protection of Divine Providence can be depended upon to overcome natural laws in averting the paying, by the churches of America, of the inevitable penalty for improper construction and indifference to fire protection and fire hazards. This is shown by the fact that there occurred in 1935 an average of five fires a day in these churches, with an estimated loss, in money alone, of \$2,899,000—an estimate made by the National Fire Protection Association, and presumably including actual losses paid.

And 1935 was not an exceptional year, just one during which more accurate records than usual were kept. The National

Fire Protection Association is authority for the estimate that, for the past ten years, church fires in the United States have occurred at the rate of approximately eleven hundred annually, and that the losses from these fires have exceeded \$5,000,000 each year.

The most deplorable part of this record lies in the fact that almost all of these fires started from preventable causes.

What householder would allow hot ashes to be placed in a wooden container, or too near to wooden partitions, in his home, or an accumulation of rubbish to remain near the furnace, or dead leaves to be piled in the basement, or oily rags to be thrown under the stairs, or unextinguished cigarettes to be tossed into waste baskets or scrap piles? Yet every one of these careless acts has been responsible for thousands of dollars of loss to church property.

Obviously the monetary loss is not the only one to be considered when such a building is lost as St. Paul's Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, with its records dating back to 1738, and its lovely old panel containing the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed, all with letters drawn by William Wuart and painted by Edward Bass, nephew of the first Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts.

Money can never repay the loss felt by many people who watched flames destroy

the hundred-year-old Hunt's Memorial Methodist Church of Riderwood, Maryland on February 12, 1930. People all over the world sorrowed when the famous church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, at Ste. Annes, P. Q., became a prey to flames. The sacred history of this church is too well known to need recounting here.

This country has suffered no major catastrophe from church fires such as occurred in Santiago, Chile, in December, 1883, when some two thousand people were killed, or, more recently, in Gaesti, Rumania, when one hundred and forty-four people were trapped in a blazing church the doors of which opened inward. There has, however, been sufficient loss of life in such fires in this country to cause real concern.

The impression which many people have that rural churches are especial targets for bolts of lightning seems to be disproved by the fact that of all the church fires listed in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, lightning was the leading cause. Tall spires of city churches seem to beckon with Lorelei-like insistence to the bolts of Jove. On the other hand the rural state of Kansas reports the heaviest loss in church fires to be the result of lightning. Among the churches which were protected by lightning-rods the loss was almost negligible as compared with that of unrodded churches.

There is a slight variation in the num-

ber of church fires on different days of the week. Sunday leads the list, but, fortunately most of the Sunday fires have occurred after the congregations have left the buildings.

Monday is second in the numerical list. Hot ashes taken from a furnace following the Sunday services and placed in wooden barrels, or too near to flimsy wooden partitions, sometimes smoulder for hours.

Tuesday is an off day for church affairs and, consequently for church fires. The furnace burns slowly or not at all. The janitor has had an opportunity to discover vapors emerging from a bin of soft coal, or to notice small embers creeping along the beams just over the furnace. He has seen the oily rags which, almost unbelievably, cleaners do toss under stairways or into closets. And so Tuesday has a better record than other days of the week,

over a period of nine years. This is the largest percentage attributed to any one cause.

Saturday, with choir rehearsals, entertainments and preparations for the Sunday services, reaches the records of Wednesday and Friday. The organist practices on Saturday. One organist forgot to turn off the motor. It got hot, so did the wooden box covering it. Loss \$5300.

Defective organ wiring and heating of organ motors are among the leading causes of church fires. Such fires are particularly difficult to control because they are practically inaccessible. Organ lofts frequently communicate directly with attic spaces which are enclosed. In some cases these lofts top an open space which extends from basement to roof.

Church janitors are not more negligent than are other people. The fact is that

ly possible, the stupendous financial and sentimental loss from church fires.

(1) Install heaters properly and provide protection for nearby woodwork. Heaters should be of adequate size and should not be forced to rush heating of the building.

(2) Keep chimneys and flues clean and in good repair. Provide sufficient clearance and protection between pipes or flues and woodwork. Replace defective pipes before starting heaters.

(3) Replace worn and obsolete electric wiring with approved wiring capable of carrying the load. Maintain proper fuses in the wiring system.

(4) Provide lightning rod protection, particularly for steeples higher than adjacent property.

(5) Organ motors and wiring should be installed only by competent persons. A thorough inspection of the organ should be made at least annually. Signs should be placed on the organ console warning the organist to shut off the motor when leaving.

(6) Incendiarism should be discouraged by keeping the property locked while unoccupied and by eliminating rubbish and litter which might be used in starting fires.

(7) Candles and open lights should be used only where essential to religious services and always with the greatest caution. Use merely for effect or display purposes should be prohibited and the safer electrical lighting substituted.



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Facing page—the roof of this church was covered with wooden shingles, making it an easy prey to sparks from a neighboring fire. On this page, above, all that was left after fire visited this church. Right, the steeple toppled a few minutes after this picture was taken and the church burned to the ground

although by no means a perfect one.

Wednesday, next to Sunday, is the big day for church fires. Wednesday is Ladies' Aid day. Luncheon or afternoon tea is usually served. In one case the members did not know that there was a defective stove connection. No afternoon tea, incidentally a \$20,000 loss.

Thursday the rate drops almost to the low level of Tuesday. But on Friday it goes up again to meet the figures of Wednesday. Friday evening is a popular time for gatherings of young people. There will be no school the following day and rehearsals, plays, entertainments are in order. A \$60,000 loss of one church was directly traceable to unextinguished cigarettes left in the recreation room. Regardless of the fact that smoking is forbidden in many churches, careless smoking has caused 10.5 per cent of all recorded church fires in Massachusetts

many of them are part-time or volunteer workers and, obviously, cannot give adequate supervision to fire prevention. They are not, of course, responsible for the low and unprotected ceilings in many church basements. They try faithfully to please the brothers and sisters who complained that the church was cold last week. The furnace may not be adequate for heating the building, but the janitor will try to make it do more than its best, sometimes with serious results.

There are numerous and varied church committees; why not a vigilance committee? Such a committee could be composed of men and women who are willing to devote some time to putting into effect as many as possible of the following recommendations given to us by the National Fire Protection Association as important in eliminating, so far as is human-



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(8) Wooden shingles should never be allowed on churches as the large area of inaccessibility of church roofs make effective fighting of roof fires difficult. Use fire retardant roof coverings.

(9) Have a fire prevention inspection made of the church. Consider the desirability of providing automatic fire alarm and sprinkler equipments.

It may be brought to the attention of this vigilance committee that the rate of payment on an insurance policy may be substantially reduced if it is possible to assure the underwriters that these recommendations are being carried out.

Most church members are good housekeepers in their family homes. Churches are community homes. They await a corps of good housekeepers.

Whited Sepulchers

A Sermon on Hypocrisy

By HAROLD JOHN OCKENGA, D.D.



WHITED Sepulchers! This is the name given by Jesus to the hypocrites. The sin of hypocrisy called forth the fiercest language of denunciation which Jesus uttered on earth. Note the list of names which he applied to the Pharisees because of their hypocrisy. He called them "blind guides," "fools," "whited sepulchers," "serpents," "generation of vipers," "children of the devil" and "children of hell." He repeated seven times His words, "Woe unto you, hypocrites." Once He accused them of being full of hypocrisy. The other denunciations of Jesus concerning the Pharisees were all subordinate to the one name "hypocrite." Hypocrisy must be a sin of high degree to merit this terrible language.

Accusations of hypocrisy can not be laid at the door of the youth of this generation. There is no sham about modern young people. They have stripped the veneer from the Pharisaical attitudes of modern life and have revealed the sores and rottenness lying beneath. If young people sin they sin boldly and openly without any pretense about it. We may lay many other charges at the door of youth in our day but we can not charge them with this sin. The great danger to youth is that their passion for reality will carry them to the opposite extreme where, in order to avoid a shadow of dissembling, they openly avow their embracing of evil. In this innate honesty concerning their moral life it may be that the youth of our generation are better than former generations or even better than the elders of this generation.

The cant of hypocrisy has largely been killed in our age. We have embraced a stark realism about man and the world. Poets and preachers are now more careful in their extravagances concerning the innate beauty and goodness of man. Their utterances were in danger of being rejected as contrary to fact. The world is beginning to learn by bitter experience, following its era of grand idealism, that man is corrupt and that he is a menace. Even the great theologians of the world are beginning to abandon hope in man's ability to live righteously, to say nothing of his attaining salvation by character.

Moreover our generation sees the evils of the social order and is no longer willing to gloss them over with commendatory Utopian terms. Fascism is a living criticism of democracy. It has singled out for ridicule and refutation the weak points in

democracy. Communism is a vital criticism of Capitalism. Collectivism as it exists in certain governments is a great criticism of individualism. We do not imply that we would abandon democracy, capitalism or individualism, but we simply are willing to admit in our generation that these are not the end-all of human social development.

In spite of this freedom from hypocrisy we can not but be aware that there are still large areas remaining under the control of hypocrisy and hindering God's redemptive work in the world. Because of this we would address ourselves to the topics: first, The Practice of Hypocrisy; second, The Paradox of Hypocrisy; and third, The Penalty of Hypocrisy.

1. *The Practice of Hypocrisy.* Isaiah said, "The vile person will speak villainy and his heart will work iniquity, to practice hypocrisy." In order to ascertain how men practice hypocrisy it is necessary to know what hypocrisy is. Hypocrisy is pretending to be what you are not. The dictionary says, "hypocrisy is an act or practice of feigning to be what one is not, or to feel what one does not feel." This is its secular sense. In a religious sense, hypocrisy is, "The false assumption of an appearance of virtue or religion." One has said, "it is the name for the successful or unsuccessful endeavor of a person to impart to others, by the expression of his features or gestures or by his outward actions, and in fine, by his whole appearance, his good intentions, love, unselfishness, truthfulness and conscientiousness, while in reality these qualities are wanting in him." The best illustration of hypocrisy is the actor. You are aware that actors assume the role of hypocrites. That is, the actor is not the character he represents. He assumes a character. The inference is not that an actor is a hypocrite, but the very essence of the stage is hypocrisy. When a man assumes to be Romeo or Julius Caesar he only appears as such which is the essence of hypocrisy. This is exactly what hypocrisy is in religious life. It is the assuming to appear something which one is not.

Hypocrisy is dishonesty in life itself. It is a peculiar kind of untruthfulness which relates to the moral qualifications of the subject. Because hypocrisy makes a man speak and act as if he were honest there has always been a place for it in social life, commerce, politics and religion. Honesty makes room for itself and its counterfeit tags along with it. Though



BIOGRAPHY

Dr. Ockenga was born in Chicago, on July 6, 1905. His early training was received in the public schools of that city. In 1923 he entered Taylor University, receiving the A.B. degree in 1927. Two years were spent in Princeton Theological Seminary in divinity education.

In 1929, Mr. Ockenga received his first student pastorate in conjunction with further Theological study at Westminster Seminary in Philadelphia. In 1930, he became assistant pastor at the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, where he was ordained. In May 1931 a call came from the Point Breeze Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, a suburban church of thirteen hundred members. After five years as pastor, Mr. Ockenga was called to the historic Park Street Church, in Boston, in 1936.

During his years in Pittsburgh, Mr. Ockenga received the degree of Master of Arts and completed residence requirement for the Ph.D. He also traveled throughout Europe in 1932, 1933, 1935, including Asia Minor and Russia. Since coming to Boston, he has received the Doctor of Divinity degree and has written two books, "These Religious Affections" and "Our Protestant Heritage." A member of the Boston Rotary Club and a Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, he is in demand for lectures on political economy and Biblical subjects.

In 1935 he married Audrey L. Williamson of Pittsburgh. They have one daughter.

hypocrisy is intended to cheat others, it really deceives ourselves. No man would dissemble if he thought that he would be discovered, yet God sees all and will bring all hypocrites into judgment. The hypocrite Ananias fell dead under a judgment of God, (Acts 5:1-11). There is something which dies in every man when he assumes the role of the hypocrite. Ethics declares hypocrisy to be worse than other sins, worse than absolute subjection to sin. This is true because in the latter state the individual may have an earnest desire to rid himself of this fault, although he no longer possesses the power to do so; but the hypocrite covers his sin, endeavoring to hide it from God and men in order to gratify his sinful habits, and he is quite

content in his condition. We conclude that the bold sinner is better than the hypocrite because he does not desire to deceive any one else concerning his condition and his very truthfulness concerning his sin makes him a possible object of Divine mercy, whereas the hypocrite shuts himself off from the remedy by feigning that he is not a sinner at all. Jesus said to the hypocrite, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Hypocrisy, according to Isaiah, is due to a vile heart. It has its source in wickedness. The fall of man, resulting in universal sinfulness, makes every man something of a hypocrite. We all have the seeds of hypocrisy within us and there is a certain pleasure in making believe. There is a story that the emperor Frederick III was once told by a friend that he would go and find some place where no hypocrites lived and dwell there. Frederick said, "You must travel then, far beyond the frozen ocean and when you arrive at the place where no one else lives you will still find a hypocrite when you get there because you will discover yourself." Hypocrisy is universal. Satan feigns to be what he is not. The Scripture says that as an angel of light he would deceive the very elect if it were possible. All hypocrites are children of the Devil and all children of the Devil are hypocrites. That is why so many may be included in the prophecy of Isaiah when he said, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." A feigned love of God is an abomination to him.

Jesus' great denunciation of the Pharisees gives us an ample description of the practice of hypocrisy. He said, "Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Woe unto you hypocrites, for ye devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves. Woe unto you, hypocrites, for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone. Woe unto you, hypocrites, for ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter but within they are full of extortion and excess. Woe unto you, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outwardly but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness." The attitude of hypocrisy is described by Jesus in the following words, "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye, or wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye. Then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

2. *The Paradox of Hypocrisy.* In the presence of God, the practice of hypocrisy is known and evident. Almighty God requires truth in the inward parts, that is,

a consistency between character and profession. Before a God of truth no man can pass for righteous with only a semblance thereof. The ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord and He seeth all his doings, there is no darkness and no shadow where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves. God sees the heart as well as the outward appearance. Jesus said that God does not regard the external appearance but penetrates the heart. He searches out the human thought even from its very beginning and perceives clearly its development and ripening. The external things of life mean little to God. Moreover, God can not be deceived or mocked. How then can a hypocrite logically practice his hypocrisy with this knowledge? There are only two solutions, either a hypocrite is a total unbeliever who is utterly careless concerning his future state and wishes only to be considered pious at the moment, or else the hypocrite is a true Pharisee who believes that by doing good, praying and alms giving he may prevail before God and become pious. In the light of the Divine omniscience the practice of hypocrisy continues to be a paradox.

"What is the hope of the hypocrite?" is a question asked by Job in the defense of his own integrity. He argues that a



If I Were . . .

A NEWCOMER

I'd remember that the best place in town to get acquainted with the best people in town in the shortest time in the world, is the church. Think it over. And if you're a good church worker, you'll know everybody before you know it—which isn't so crazy as it sounds.

—McAlpine



hypocrite must know that though he has gained temporally he has no hope when God takes away his soul. This gives us the clue to the motivating purpose back of practicing hypocrisy. It is to gain social prestige at the present moment. Jesus said concerning the hypocrites who did their alms, prayed and fasted publicly, "they have their reward." They would have no honor from their Father in heaven. The pleasures of hypocrisy are temporal and transitory. They largely consist in the attempt to enjoy two worlds, to have the human rewards of religion in public and the personal pleasures of sin in private.

Evidence which detects a real hypocrite is his unmerciful judgment of others. It is the result of self-exaltation in the presence of and at the expense of others. There are two classes singled out by Pharisaical society in this manner. The first is the class of fallen women. Society has always gathered its skirts about it and walked away in indignation from the presence of a fallen woman. Investigations concerning rescue work for this class find that almost one hundred per cent of those who once enter this class die in it because there is no opportunity for rehabilitation in society. A second class is that of ex-convicts. Society has

no place for an ex-convict. No one will give him a position and no one wishes to trust him. Prison records tell the story that once a man has been a convict the chances are that by compulsion he will be forced to his criminal practice in order to live and thus he will become a repeater in prison. Before society can cleanse itself of Pharisaism it must deal with these two great evils.

The evidence of hypocrisy in an individual is spiritual pride and self-righteousness. It is the attitude expressed in the prayer of the Pharisee, "I thank thee that I am not as other men are, even this Publican." The attitude of a true Christian who has been redeemed is the statement, "There but for the grace of God am I." As individuals we must make no room for hypocrisy.

Among churches, Protestantism is open more to the temptation of hypocrisy than Roman Catholicism; for in the latter the emphasis is laid upon the outward actions and in the former everything depends upon the inward state. When a frivolous individual kneels at a Catholic altar to perform his devotions no one would think of accusing him of hypocrisy, but a Protestant in a similar case could not escape such a judgment. Because our Protestant religion is not ritualistic but personal and spiritual, we must give the greater heed to the possession of truth in the inward parts.

3. *The Penalty of Hypocrisy.* The practice of hypocrisy lowers character. When a man is living two lives, one of pretense and one of reality, he must either give up his pretense or become what he is pretending. Water seeks its own level. Nature will bring the truth ultimately to the surface. The immortal story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde perfectly illustrates the fact that the prevalent practice of the corruptions of Mr. Hyde by Dr. Jekyll, ultimately turned him into a Hyde. There is an old adage that the truth will out. One who acts sincerely has an easy task and need not be constantly inventing excuses or pretenses either before or after what he does, but insincerity is very difficult to manage. A liar has a tendency to contradict himself. Truth alone is perfectly consistent. In fact, consistency is a law of truth. If then we are to preserve character on a high plane, we must deal sternly with dissembling whenever it first appears. Paul felt justified in withstanding Peter to the face at Antioch because Peter was guilty of dissembling (Gal. 2:11-14).

Hypocrisy leads to exposure, which is a great penalty. Jesus said, "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known, therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light and that which ye have spoken in the ear in private shall be proclaimed upon the housetop." This he said concerning hypocrisy. We have said that no man would be a hypocrite if he thought he would be discovered. Discovery of hypocrisy will be a terribly humiliating and shaming experience. In this world many people choose death rather than exposure. If one fears this earthly exposure he should much rather fear exposure before God. Jesus said concerning this hypocrisy "Be not afraid of them that kill the

(Continued on page 50)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



The Church That Stayed

THERE are sound reasons why some churches should relocate, moving from where they are and have been to where they are not and ought to be. The only justification for any church remaining where it is, is a continuing Kingdom task. Tradition, mere sentiment, and downright indolence keep some churches in worked-out locations while elsewhere there are "fields white unto the harvest."

But (and it is the "but" that begins this editorial) there have been other churches which moved away to cash in on a real estate boom, or to feed the vanity of social climbers, or to escape rethinking their community task, moved away to avoid accepting the challenge of a difficult new occasion. The first years of the recent depression saw in America the collapse of some of the most pretentious ecclesiastical building projects in all church history. There is scarcely an American city that did not have one or more and sometimes several "house-of-worship-for-all-people" projects combined with "apartments for permanent residents and rooms for transients" under way or finished when the banks closed in 1933. Not all of these projects were unworthy and many that became financially insolvent were started with motives most worthy. It will not be denied, however that too many church boards "tore down" and began to "build greater," not to capture new occasions, but to escape them. For these it was "seek ye an assured income" rather than "seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven." Few churches have been able to provide hot and cold water for paying guests without becoming lukewarm in seeking and saving the lost.

BEYOND all this, there are in America too few shrines—edifices sacred to the memories of men and events that are as spiritual foundations to a young nation. To destroy any of these has something of the significance that would attach to razing Westminster Abbey to make way for an Empire State Building. Old Park Street in Boston is such a shrine. Here "America" was first sung, while as a type, architecturally, it is unsurpassed. Trinity Church and St. George's in New York, the Old Stone Church on the Square in Cleveland, and scores of other sacred edifices, though in varying degrees to be sure, are such shrines. They belong to the American people. Those who possess them and worship within them are generally eager to maintain them as a sacred trust for posterity.

Something akin to physical pain cut through my heart when, looking down into Fifth Avenue from a tower that dominates the New York skyline, I saw a gaping wound where only a few months before rose one of the most beautiful of New York churches. Only a shell now remained. The rich mosaics, the exquisite furnishings and hangings, the golden pulpit from which had sounded voices yet more golden, were forever gone. Today another modernistic structure rises where once stood Maltbie Babcock and Henry Van Dyke, incomparable prophets and singers of their time, who were perhaps unsurpassed in any time. The spiritual symphonies that swept the souls of men and women, the music that once rose from the organ loft and choir are silenced forever. Nor will their echo be heard in the raucous voices that cry "Sale, sale!" from behind shining counters. It is difficult to believe that there is a "reason" for such a withdrawal or that any gains can compensate the losses. And where shall the souls of the immortals find a kindred spot when they linger momentarily in the city they served, a city so rich in progress, so poor as yet in all a race loves to reverence and remember?

It is good to turn from that withdrawal to another church in that same avenue, a church that stayed. It stands firmly, in white Hastings marble, on foundations that have been shaken but never moved. It, too, saw changes come, but steadfastly declined to go. It met the new occasions with the acceptance of their new duties. As its old constituency moved out and private homes retired before public lofts, stores, apartments and hotels, this church restudied its program, resurveyed its surroundings and moved in—moved in upon youth and life, youth and life baffled by, but battling still, twentieth century social and economic conditions. Today at Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, the senior congregation of the Collegiate (Dutch) Church of New York, which is the oldest Protestant Communion in America with a continuous history, is ministering to more people in more ways than at any time since the turn of the century. No argument that could be made for the relocation of any city church in America could not in truth be made for the relocation of this stately architectural pile. It is perhaps significant of the character of this oldest of our American Protestant churches that just nineteen blocks north, in Fifth Avenue at Forty-eighth Street, is a sister congregation, the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, with one of the most unique and beautiful ecumenical structures in North America. This church anchors the corner of Radio City and for millions symbolizes the primacy of the spiritual over the material.

In 1927, one of the most widely known real estate dealers in Manhattan offered the Collegiate Corporation \$10,500,000 cash for its two Fifth Avenue properties. It was pointed out that so great an amount would make possible the erection and endowment of a cathedral church in a residential and scholarly portion of the city, a cathedral church that would be one of the world's supreme sanctuaries—also that the lines of Radio City would be unbroken. Is there a Christian anywhere whose heart does not beat a little faster with the knowledge that the answer to that amazing offer was "no"? *The vote was unanimous.*

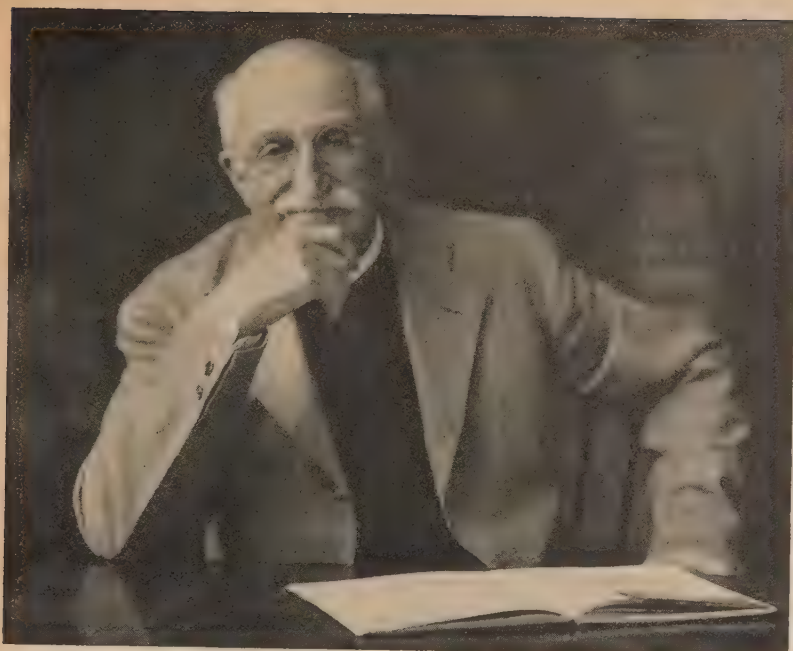
The Marble Collegiate Church and the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas are now among those living monuments that remind a nation and a nation's greatest city that man cannot live by bread alone, that life consisteth not in things chiefly, and that this life is but the childhood of our immortality.

John Walter Maynard

JOHN WALTER MAYNARD served his God and church on two continents. He climaxed his fruitful ministry as President of Collegio Internazionale Monte Mario, in Rome. To Rome he went as a trusted leader of Methodism. In Rome he dealt with a most difficult situation—a situation that involved affairs of both church and state. From Rome he returned with a record of Christian statesmanship that is outstanding in the field of missionary-educational enterprise.

Dr. Maynard was an honored son of Wesleyan University. His first pastorates were in Connecticut and on Long Island. During the Great War he was an army

(Continued on page 49)



REV. GEORGE B. GILBERT

This picture was taken shortly after Rev. Mr. Gilbert had been notified of his selection as the Country Preacher. He was born in Vermont, and has spent most of his sixty-five years in Connecticut

The Country Preacher

Announcing the winner of
Christian Herald's unique contest

ALMOST from the start of our search for the typical Country Preacher (announced in the February, 1939, issue) it was evident that Rev. George B. Gilbert of Connecticut was going to be a serious contender. He was first nominated by R. J. Houston, of East Orange, New Jersey, on January 31st.

Every letter received—more than 1,600 in all—was read by at least three judges. As the search narrowed down, the number of judges was increased.

The final opinion of the judges was unanimous—George B. Gilbert was our man.

We will not take the cream from his story by relating any of the anecdotes with which Rev. Mr. Gilbert and his charming wife entertained and thrilled us for two hours. His wit, his sincerity, his homely philosophy, his deep Christian conviction were evident in every anecdote; but beyond all that we were impressed with the cheer of the man. He seems to be one of the happiest men on earth—not because he has won economic security—not because he has achieved a certain degree of broad popularity—but because he has devoted his life to making others happy and through that effort, won that greatest of all prizes—real happiness for himself.

Perhaps the most surprising facts about his selection are that he should have done his work in Connecticut and that he is an Episcopalian. No doubt many of our Western readers think of Connecticut as a purely manufacturing or educational state; and it is true that there are many colleges, preparatory schools and well-known manufacturing plants located there. However, there are 32,000 farms in Connecticut and it is among the rural people that Mr. Gilbert has done his splendid work. Likewise, the Episcopal Church is thought of by most of us largely as a city denomination. True, we have heard much of fine mission work among foreign language speaking groups, but we had not thought of it as a rural church. Yet here we find our rural preacher an Episcopalian.

What a joy it has been to read all those letters! What a feeling of security it has given us to know that all over America these country preachers by their work, their lives and their example, are inspiring the thoughts and actions of the people of their communities. As long as America can produce the sort of country preachers that have been nominated in this contest, we don't have to worry too much about the transitory politicians, the crackpot theorists, or the foreign isms. These men

—not years ago—not yesterday—but to-day and tomorrow are the backbone of our Christian faith and the hope of American ideals.

The editors of *Christian Herald* and the book editors of Harper & Brothers wish to particularly emphasize that in selecting Mr. Gilbert as the typical country preacher no attempt has been made to evaluate his work as against that of thousands of others. We simply wanted a story which would be interesting and would in a sense combine into one life the lives of many; just as "Horse and Buggy Doctor" was the story of thousands of doctors.

Mr. Gilbert would be the last to claim for himself anything unusual—would be the first to point out that thousands of country preachers have done more, seen more, accomplished more, than has he. But because his life has been typical—because he so heartily believes in the importance of the country preacher—he has expressed delight at the opportunity to tell the thousands of readers of *Christian Herald* about the problems and incidents which all country preachers experience. He will write his own story, but it will in its essence be the story of every man nominated—and thousands who were not.

In all, 946 men were nominated. Some were nominated many times. Rev. C. S. Young of Missouri was suggested by twenty-three readers; Rev. Mr. Gilbert by fourteen and Dr. Arthur Hewitt of Vermont by thirteen. We received more than one letter about many of the others. To those beside Mr. Houston who wrote in about Mr. Gilbert we express our regrets that they were not the first to nominate him. Each of them will receive a free autographed copy of the book when published. To all the others who took the trouble to help us in our quest, we express our heartfelt thanks.

At least one man was nominated from every state in the Union. Below is a tabulation of the entries by states:

Alabama	14	Nebraska	20
Arizona	3	Nevada	2
Arkansas	16	New Hampshire	11
California	29	New Jersey	14
Colorado	10	New Mexico	6
Connecticut	6	New York	53
Delaware	1	North Carolina	29
D. of C.	1	North Dakota	8
Florida	25	Ohio	71
Georgia	25	Oklahoma	14
Idaho	3	Oregon	20
Illinois	43	Pennsylvania	68
Indiana	25	Rhode Island	4
Iowa	36	South Carolina	8
Kansas	24	South Dakota	9
Kentucky	20	Tennessee	32
Louisiana	6	Texas	39
Maine	12	Utah	1
Maryland	9	Vermont	10
Massachusetts	19	Virginia	34
Michigan	33	Washington	20
Minnesota	17	West Virginia	18
Mississippi	17	Wisconsin	16
Missouri	32	Wyoming	3
Montana	2		
		Canada	6
		Scotland	1
		Hawaii	1

The story will start in the October, 1939, issue of *Christian Herald*. Harper & Brothers will publish the book in the spring of 1940. J.P.M.



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

August, 1939

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1

"ROOTED AND GROUNDED."

READ EPHESIANS 3:14-21.

ONE of the wonders of Yosemite is the tall pine tree, growing out of the rocky face of El Capitan. That tree is eighty feet high, and is one-third of the way up the three thousand feet of that granite mountain. How did it find lodgment on that narrow ledge? How does it sustain life? How does it maintain its hold? That seed, dropped by a passing bird, found soil in which it germinated. Then it sent its roots down to unseen sources of nourishment. And the soul, no matter how uncongenial or difficult its position, can thrust its roots into the eternal verities, and, holding on to the unseen, also find the means by which life is sustained.

Thou hast made all grace abound towards us. Of Thy goodness help us daily to partake, that our souls may grow in stature, and our lives witness to Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2

"FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE."

READ I PETER 5:6-11.

MRS. WIGGS declares, with convincing optimism, "It ain't never no use puttin' up your umbrell' 'till it rains." Yet how often, speaking figuratively, do we put up our umbrellas before there is any need? We are worried about what has happened; but we worry more about what may happen. And, oddly enough, the chances are that the latter will never happen. The cure for apprehension, misgiving, and worry about the future, is a childlike trust based on the unfailing and proven wisdom and mercy of God. Resolutely, by a definite act of the will, to cast our care upon Him who cares for us, is to banish the specters of fear.

Blessed be Thy Name, O Father, that we may truly trust in Thee. Thou art our refuge . . . a very present help. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER."

READ ROMANS 8:31-39

THE mammoth presses on which this magazine is printed are a triumph of the

inventor, the engineer, and the craftsman. Yet to the onlooker, they are a complicated mechanism of moving cylinders and pinions, rotating wheels and cogs. Some revolve in one direction, some in another. Yet they work together. And, could we grasp the purpose of each, we would be amazed at the ingenuity there enshrined. So for the Christian, all things work together for good. Adverse happenings, disappointments, and troubles, taken out of the setting of God's providential love, might appall. But as part of His process, we see them overruled by His gracious hand for the soul's development and enrichment. Trust His love today.

Silence our querulousness; strengthen our faith. Let a new trust in Thine unfailing wisdom mark our life this day. So shall Thy peace be our stay. Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4

"O REST IN THE LORD."

READ JAMES 5:7-11.

THE fields are almost ready for the harvest. The golden grain gleams in the sun. The tall corn bows its tasseled head to the breeze. Yet, a few months ago, those fields were the victims of the cruel plow. It cut its way ruthlessly across them, leaving great, gaping wounds. Why such relentless cruelty? Yet that plowing was preparatory to the sowing and the harvest which were to ensue. Is that not a parable of life? The plowshare of reverses, trials, and sorrow, breaks up the soil of the soul. But it is equally purposeful. It is that God may plant the seed, and that the harvest of good may be at last gathered in.

Give us grace, O Father, to submit ourselves to Thee, that in all things we may trust the outworking of Thy gracious purpose. Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5

"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL."

READ PSALM 103:1-14

"O THOU that lend'st me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness." So sings Shakespeare. But what if life be stern and trying? What if we feel we have nothing for which to be thankful? Well, certainly we have the priceless gift of life. On one occasion, Paul seems to say that, if he had nothing else for which to give thanks, at least he had in-

firmities in abundance. He gloried in them. That does not mean he indulged in self-pity. They gave him the chance of showing what faith could do. The greater his need, the greater Christ's aid. Life's cross purposes may be made rungs in the ladder by which we may climb to a radiant, joyous, grateful life.

Blessed be Thy name, Thou are the confidence of those who rely upon Thee. In all that today may bring, let the spring of gratitude rise in our souls. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6

"BE YE KIND, FORGIVING."

READ MATTHEW 18:23-35.

A FEW months ago, off the New England coast, a submarine went down, carrying twenty-six brave men to death. A few weeks after, another submarine was lost off the British coast, and yet another off Indo-China, with an even greater loss of life. Tragic though such disasters, they throw new light on the completeness of the divine forgiveness. The assurance given through the prophet Micah is, "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." How wondrously effectual is the divine mercy. But how different is that from the forgiveness which passes for such between men. We may forgive, yet to forget often seems impossible. But to forgive as God does . . . ?

Needing forgiveness, help us to be forgiving toward others, making allowance for human faults, and striving ever to love like Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7

"DO IT HEARTILY."

COLOSSIANS 3:12-17.

AN OLD artist, engaged on a canvas which he hoped would be his masterpiece, was compelled to give up through illness. He called one of his students. He bade him go on with the painting, and to the youth's protests, he replied, "Do thy best." With a prayer in his heart, the young artist took up the work. Some months later the picture was finished. When the old man saw it, he said, "My son, I paint no more. Verily, thou hast done thy best." That youth became famous. He was Da Vinci, the painter of "The Last Supper." And if only we put our hearts into the tasks of the day,

if we always do our best, who can tell what might be done?

We would magnify Thee, O Christ, not in the spoken word alone, but also in the work entrusted to us. Help us ever to do our utmost for Thee. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8

"THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK."

READ ISAIAH 32:1-8.

THE travelers, making their way across the desert sands, beneath the blistering rays of the sun, suddenly come on a towering boulder. It rises sheer, casting a deep, velvet shadow upon the sand. Gratefully, they halt their beasts within the shade, and dismount to rest. So, the prophet felt, that is what God is to His people. They can find a refuge from the burning heat of worry and trial by coming close to Him. And even the shadow of His providences, which is sometimes flung over our plans, denying the success for which we hoped, even the pain caused by life's disappointments and griefs, may be a beneficent shadow in which the soul finds its Maker near.

With simple trust in Thy goodness, and in Thine unfailing wisdom, lead us into that attitude of soul in which we may know peace. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9

"GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT."

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:10-13.

THE old proverb, "Grasp all; lose all," reminds us of the dog, carrying home a treasured bone. He is crossing a bridge, when in the stream below, he sees what he thinks is another dog, with a larger bone. On the principle that two bones are better than one, he snaps at the reflection, only to lose what he already has, for the bone slips off the bridge, and is lost in the waters below. How often we lose both happiness and peace of mind because somebody has what has been denied us! And yet, have we not our own blessings? Paul found the secret of contentment. He was content with what he had, but not with what he was.

Though Thou hast withheld many things from us, Thou has blessed us in countless ways. Give us this day a grateful, contented heart. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10

"THE EYES OF THE LORD ARE UPON THE RIGHTEOUS."

READ PSALM 33:13-22.

IT WAS a summer outing. Children from the poor streets had been taken to the country. There were refreshments, games, and—races. A little chap who had been all eagerness to show how fast he could run, somehow failed to complete the course. He dropped out of the race. One of the workers, fearing he was sick, asked why he had stopped running. "Why," he answered, "everyone else had someone shouting for him. And no one rooted for me. I just couldn't

go on." We all feel like that sometimes. If only we had someone to encourage us. Yet we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Moreover, Christ's eyes are upon us. Knowing His interest we cannot lose heart. He cares!

Aid us, that we may lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Thee, O Christ, our hope and prize. Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11

"I HAVE CHOSEN THEE IN THE FIRES."

READ I PETER 4:12-19.

IN ONE of the public squares of Florence, in Italy, stands the superb, bronze statue of Perseus. It is the work of Cellini. The casting of it almost cost him his reason. The metal could not be brought to the right heat, and the fuel was gone. So he ordered that the furniture, even the flooring, should be brought from his home. Then as the fire burned, the metal reached the correct temperature, and the mighty figure was cast. What we call the fires of trial and affliction are not purposeless. They may be God's means of bringing forth something of exquisite beauty and worth. After all, our lives are in His hands. And experience proves that He never makes mistakes. So trust thou in Him.

Thou art too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Therefore let us commit ourselves unto Thy care that Thy will may be wrought in us. Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12

"THEY DO IT TO OBTAIN"

READ I CORINTHIANS 9:24-27.

CORINTH was famous for the athletic contests which took place annually. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Paul wrote to his friends there, he should clothe a great spiritual truth in familiar garb. The athlete, whose heart was set on the prize, recognized the conditions of success. He must exercise daily, until his powers were developed; exert himself to the best advantage as the contest began; and then put forth every effort to win. And all for what? A crown of fading laurel. But if that were worth while, how much more was the eternal crown of the Christian? Theirs was the incorruptible prize. So, with self-discipline, unremitting effort, and undaunted hearts, let us strive today.

Save us from self-pity, from apathy, and slackness, that we may set our hearts on the glorious goal set before us by Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13

"CLOSER THAN A BROTHER."

READ MATTHEW 11:16-19.

WHAT a friend can mean when life seems against us, when we are lonely and sad, we all know. Yet one who believes in us despite our mistakes, and whose sympathy can always be counted on, is

hard to find. It is of the first importance to know that: *We have* such a friend in Christ. He was the friendliest soul alive. None ever appealed to Him in vain. And strangely, with one exception—and that was the ruler's own opinion—they were all imperfect people who enjoyed the Master's love. In Jesus, we have God's fullest revelation to mankind, the one Saviour from sin. But we have also a friend who, through prayer and fellowship, imparts sympathy, solace, and strength.

Help us to turn to Thee when we are worried, lonely, and discouraged, that our hearts may rejoice in Thy companionship. Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14

"TAKE IT PATIENTLY."

READ I PETER 2:19-25.

WHAT kind of day is it? Mark Twain's remark that people are always talking about the weather, yet no one does anything about it, is not without point. But whether it be hot or cool, cloudy or bright depends, in one sense, on ourselves. We can make it agreeable or disagreeable. Some things will go wrong. They always do, every twenty-four hours. But can we keep ourselves right? Shall we resolve to meet whatever happens in the spirit of Christ? If people annoy us, shall we resolutely hold ourselves in check? We can. Make allowance for others as—it is just barely possible—others have to make for us. So the day can be bright with love.

We who often try Thy patience, pray for help to be patient with those about us. Let Thy gracious Spirit rule us this day. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15

"CONFORMED TO THE IMAGE OF HIS SON."

READ ROMANS 8:24-29.

IN AN art gallery in Italy, there is a great statue of the shepherd boy, David. It was carved from a piece of marble, marred and shapeless, which others had passed by as worthless. Yet Angelo saw the latent beauty in that stone, and by the swinging blows of mallet and chisel, brought it forth. So the Divine Sculptor sees the worth of the most unpromising soul. It may be necessary to use many a hard blow, many a grievous cut of the chisel. But as there is no other way by which marble can be carved, so life is shaped into beauty and sublime worth by God's providences.

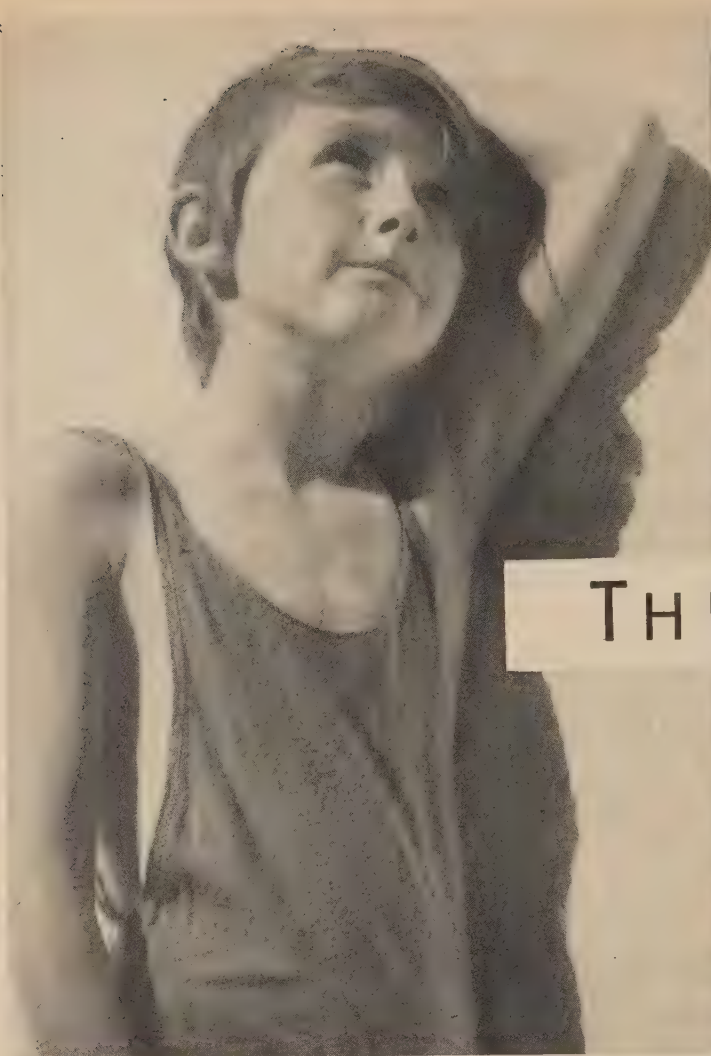
Let us humble ourselves under Thy mighty hand, that the evil may be taken away, and the good brought forth. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16

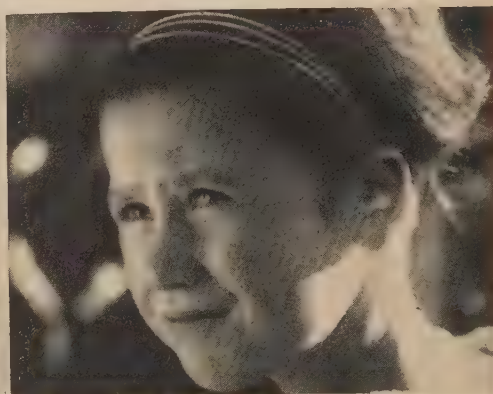
"LIKE UNTO HIS BRETHREN."

READ HEBREWS 2:9-18.

AN UNKNOWN writer speaks of "The thread, the golden thread which winds (Continued on page 42)"



THE STORY OF



By Margaret E. Sangster

ADUSTY, sun-baked street, shadowless and bleak, with dingy houses huddling close together like hopeless dispirited beggars. Refuse lying here and there, in piles, and a swarm of flies buzzing noisily around the body of a dead dog. Perhaps—who knows—the dog died of hunger. . . A woman seated on a row of sagging steps with her head in her arms, and a child leaning against her—caught in the folds of a hopeless, dreamless sleep. Another child gathering together pieces of wood for some meager fire—even in blazing weather food must be cooked! Still another child dabbling soiled fingers in the stream of water that runs down the gutter—water that is not only muddy but germ-ridden. . . This might be a street in the Far East, in strife-torn China, or in famine-swept India, but it isn't. It's a street in the slums of New York City.

A dark room, dark because it is windowless. Light and air—such as they are—drift through a broken place in one of the roughly plastered walls. The door stands

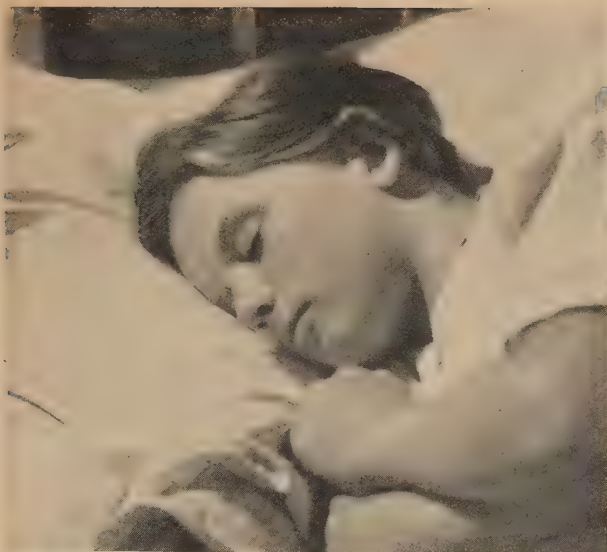
open—indeed it sags on a broken hinge—but no breeze drifts through! A woman is sitting on a bed, propped up against a heap of soiled blankets. She is sewing busily on a little ragged garment, striving desperately to make it look less ragged. A child squats beside her, trying to make out the printing on the page of a torn magazine. The magazine is very dirty—it must have been picked out of some ash barrel or garbage can. . . This might be a room in some Spanish city that has known bombardment and siege, but it isn't. It's a room in a New York tenement!

It was from such a street and such a room that Nettie Gay came to Mont Lawn. She was a wee thing, thin and scrawny, when she was brought before the doctor who examined her preparatory to the trip, and her wide-eyed, sad expression quite belied her name! There was nothing in the least gay about Nettie. The drooping line of her shoulders—the chiseling of her gaunt face—expressed utter tragedy.

Nettie had been recommended for a vacation by the second grade teacher of a primary school. Goodness knows she needed a vacation, for never in all of her eight years had she been away from the city slum in which she was born. Yes, she had a mother—once she had had a father, she told the doctor gravely. Yes, she was excited about going to Mont Lawn. But when the doctor put a tender arm around her, she dissolved into sudden tears.

"What," she sobbed, "is a vacation? Will it hurt?"

The doctor assured her gently that a vacation wouldn't hurt, and talked about green fields with flowers growing in them and about a laughing brook, and about skies that were deeply, widely blue. Nettie, reassured but skeptical, shook her head slowly. No, she had never seen grass, but she knew all about flowers. Mother made flowers. She got a penny a-piece for making them. Sometimes she made as many as fifty flowers in a day. She knew about brooks, too. Brooks are full of water, aren't they? She shook her head incredulously at the thought of blue sky. Smoke always made the sky look gray, she told the doctor, and besides you can't never



Any one of these children could be "Nettie Gay," for these are all actual photographs of little girls taken at Mont Lawn. Are not such children as these, normal in every way except for poverty, worth saving?



NETTIE GAY...



THE DEBT YOU OWE

For every happy day you've spent
Give some sad child a happy hour—
For every garden that you've known
Give some wan tot a growing flower.
For every sunlit stretch of sky,
For every row of orchard trees,
Give thrilling respite from the slums,
Give grassy meadows and a breeze!

In memory of tender dreams,
In memory of love and youth,
Give courage to some reaching soul,
Give faith and hope and trust and truth!
The debt you owe for loveliness,
For deep content and singing joy,
Will—if you pay it—stand for life
To some forgotten girl or boy!

see much of it! So how can it be wide?
Well, Nettie went to Mont Lawn,
passed along by the doctor, urged and
placated by the kindly helpers. She was
silent on the way up to Nyack on the
Hudson, silent and tractable. Her eyes

widened when the city started to disappear and the country began to take its place, but she didn't speak. All through the trip, and during the time when she was checked in at the Children's Home and given fresh, bright clothes and a bed in a sweet-smelling, sunny dormitory, she was completely inarticulate. But when she was finally arrayed in crisp gingham, with her hair brushed back and tied with a red ribbon, she burst into excited speech. It was as if she'd been holding in a torrent of words for hours—holding them in until they burst the dam of her reticence.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "*Oh, oh, oh!* Leave me look at myself. *Please.*" She was led before a long mirror and for another moment she was inarticulate, and then—"Why," she said finally, "this ain't me. *I shine!*"

It was the truth. Nettie Gay shone, and she continued to shine throughout the two weeks of her stay at Mont Lawn. After the first few days her face wasn't so gaunt, any more—and that made the shine seem much more important. At the dinner table—eating wholesome, fresh vegetables and good meat and fresh bread and, believe it or not, ice cream—she was transfigured! When she entered the Chil-

dren's Temple and joined with the others in singing Mont Lawn songs, there was an actual glow about her. It was as if her spirit were a lighted candle that filtered through the transparency of her small body. She wrote a postcard to her mother, rather she printed it, for an eight-year-old isn't always up to writing. She didn't say much on the postcard—only "I can't believe it." She had to ask one of the teachers how to spell believe.

Two weeks in the country! They're not much when measured against a lifetime spent in a city slum. Each day flew by on wings, but Nettie Gay treasured every moment of every day as if it were a jewel. The walks through the quiet woods, the times when she paddled in the brook, her visits to the swimming pool and the "rain house," and the books she got from the library and puzzled out, word for word. . . The prayers that she learned to say at bedtime, and the beautiful stained glass window that she saw on Sundays. She came to recognize and love the figure of Christ which glorified that window. He was blessing the little children of long ago. *Blessing them.*

Woods and fields and food and sleep



You can put a smile like this on the face of some forlorn little "Nettie Gay" by sending her for a vacation at Mont Lawn

and love and beauty—all of these entered into the soul of Nettie Gay and stayed there. When her vacation was over and she went back to the city slum, there was a new look in her eyes and a new depth and sweetness to her ready smile. As she helped her mother make artificial flowers she told about the real flowers that she had picked at Mont Lawn. When a hurdy-gurdy played under their tenement window she remembered the organ that had made thrilling music in the Children's Temple. She begged her mother to wash the grayish sheets that were used upon their common bed. "The beds up there," she said in explanation, "were like white clouds in the sky."

All through the winter when Nettie Gay was nine, she looked forward to the vacation time that was sure to come. It was a hard winter, it sapped the resistance of the frail little girl and made her pallid cheeks seem almost translucent. The tenement was cold, and one of the artificial flower houses went out of business and

there wasn't much work for mother, any more, and that meant there wasn't enough food. But still Nettie Gay carried on, singing her Mont Lawn songs and saying her Mont Lawn prayers. And then at last the winds of March gave way to April magic—*magic even in the city*—and then April became May, and May became June, and June became July and July draggingly became August. And Nettie, almost too worn with waiting, almost too listless to drag herself up and down the tenement stairs, took matters into her own frail hands. She went to see the teacher who had charge of the public playground that gave a small measure of relief to that section of the city. "I thought," she said as she stood in front of the teacher, "that I was going back this summer."

The teacher was busy and harassed, for she was watching over a hundred or more children who were playing and quarrelling. She asked absently, "Going back where?"

Nettie sighed and her voice was almost a whisper when at last it sounded. "To

Mont Lawn, where I went last year," she said, "to the fresh air place. I mean why haven't they sent for me?"

The teacher peered down at Nettie. She thought to herself, "My word, I've never seen such an emaciated young one!" She sighed, not ungently, and said, "I guess they had too many children and not enough money. Maybe there wasn't room for you, my dear."

Nettie sighed again and turned away. That was probably it. Last year, even while she was one of the fortunates at Mont Lawn, she had heard the grown-ups discussing the matter. It all came back to her—how there wasn't always enough money or room for everybody. She walked slowly back to the tenement, through the merciless sun. She dragged herself up the stairs to the room and crawled into the tumbled bed. She closed her eyes and saw green swaying trees making a lacy pattern of leaves against the green turf. When her mother came home from a fruitless day, she was still lying there—but her eyes were open now. When her mother asked if she wanted something to eat, she shook her head. She was too weak to talk.

They had a charity doctor that night, and a community nurse, but Nettie grew weaker and weaker. Oddly enough she didn't look very unhappy, not even when her pulse was going so slowly that the doctor had hard work finding it. Indeed she looked as if she were seeing something quite lovely and radiant. The nurse told her room mate, later, that she felt as if the child were looking straight into heaven. "It was unearthly," said the nurse, and wiped her eyes, unashamed. "And at the very last she *did* speak. She said, 'Mont Lawn'—just that. . . ." The nurse sobbed, "You'd have thought Mont Lawn was the place she was going to!"

This is a depression year—*aren't you tired of the word?* Good times are coming back, but they haven't arrived as yet and some folks are worn out with waiting for them. Those of us who have always counted the pennies are pinching them nowadays. Those of us who have never counted the pennies are taking grim lessons in arithmetic. We are cutting out lots of luxuries, and more than a few necessities.

But, as we shave corners and trim down to the barest margin, let's not forget that every year is a depression year for the children of the city slums! As we train ourselves to worry along without an extra dress, or a new car, or some article that is pleasant, but non-essential, let us remember this! The one luxury that we must not skip is the luxury of being generous, the dear luxury of sharing!

In a season of thrift and elimination the one thing that we must not eliminate from the budget is the contribution that will give some little child a glimpse of happiness and a ray of hope and—take the case of Nettie Gay—a chance to live!



MOTTO FOR EVERYDAY

When hate and anger come to call,
I simply am not home at all;
And yet when love and friendship knock,
My door just hasn't any lock!

—Ruth Stewart Schenley



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS


Conducted by

Honore
Morrow



Prehistoric ferry landing on the Dart, at the foot of Greenway Hill. The Mansion is at the top of the hill, hidden by the trees. The present ferry-house, shown in the picture, is over five hundred years old

Drift to the West

 WE ARE having a hard drought in England, but this Island is actually so concerned with conditions outside its confines that the lack of rain is scarcely mentioned. And I must tell you that this is a very unusual state of mind for the Islanders. I suppose there are no people in the world so conscious of their habitat as the English, or so devoted to it. The country is so small that they don't have to love it in sections as we Americans have to love the United States, but they can gather it all into their consciousness at once and cherish it and brood over it. Shakespeare's marvelous apostrophe to "This England" expresses the normal, through secret, attitude of mind of every English man, woman and child whom I know.

This is magnificent for the stability of the State but it is sometimes a little irritating to an American who realizes very keenly that there is a large continent lying three thousand miles, due west, where things of importance to the whole world happen at least once a week! But, until the King and Queen visited the United States, news from the "disloyal Colony" was almost as hard to get as it was in the days when it took so long for a description of the Boston Tea Party to get over here! Many a day, I have read my *London Times* and have found in it scarcely a reference to the U. S. A., but, many paragraphs about water-divining, about the scourge of wasps in Devon orchards, about spider fear, about rose culture, showing that there was no lack of space but a sure lack of interest in discussing the American scene.

However, for a fortnight, all British newspapers were busy explaining to the

British public why the King and Queen felt it worth while to visit America! The *London Times* issued a splendid supplement devoted to descriptions and interpretations of the United States, and all the other great dailies have been printing articles and photographs which will prove to anyone who can see and read that Hollywood is not the whole of our country, nor is it inhabited solely by gunmen, cowboys and pert "gals!" I still don't get much news of American events but I'm delighted by this sudden relief from the silence, if you get what I mean!

What always strikes me as so queer about this usual attitude of the newspapers, is that in spite of their intensely loyal feeling toward their country, all the English people of my acquaintance have a very real interest in things American. They are always asking me questions about our politics, about our industries, about our system of education. And most of them like and admire things American—as do the Searles for example. They all listen in with great faithfulness and interest to the weekly broadcast of Raymond S. Ewing from the U. S. A. on general conditions there, and deplore that we have not more broadcasts of like tenor. There is a bare possibility that the English newspapers don't gauge the interest of their readers correctly!

I was more assured of this than ever after my daughter Penn and I attended a luncheon given by the English-Speaking Union at Torquay, the other day. This organization, as most of my readers know, has no political significance or ambition. It says of itself that it aims at no formal alliances, has nothing to do with governments; it is simply an attempt to promote,

by every means in its power, good fellowship between the British and the American people. I have never joined the Union, more from carelessness than for any other reason, though I heartily endorse its purpose. But when an American friend urged an invitation to the luncheon on us, I decided to do my duty to the extent of accepting.

It was a lovely, clear, windy, droughty day. The bus ride to Torquay was especially beautiful, for it follows the line of the red cliffs which thrust into the English Channel here. At Torquay, there was a long slow climb up a hill to the hotel where the luncheon was to be held. We crossed the lobby and were directed to the front porch where the guests were gathering; but for a moment one could have no eyes for guests because of the heavenly view. Below, the lofty hill was a mass of trees. Beyond, the waters of Torbay danced and glimmered and beyond the bay thrust the score of headlands which make this one of the great roadsteads of the Empire. And this fact was most significantly pointed, at the moment, by the fact that half-a-dozen French destroyers and English, with air-craft carriers, were anchored in the waters below us.

There were perhaps a hundred people present—no shrill voices, for the majority were English (Yes, they excel us there) and shortly Penn and I were being introduced by the wife of the local members of Parliament to those whom we didn't know. And all the English instantly asked us how America felt about coming into the war, if war it were. And if it was a man who questioned us, he always asked, also, how unemployment was doing and one very haughty-looking gentleman wanted to talk to me about the government's experiment with water power in the Tennessee Valley. I find a number of English people who follow that experiment with deep interest. Another Englishman told me, firmly, that America had managed her dole system better than England: "The States at least have some magnificent pub- (Continued on page 49)



So they went to the Fair

For fifty years a

St. Paul church has operated a dining room in the Minnesota State Fair, earning profits running into thousands of dollars—enough to cover the larger part of the cost of new church, parsonage, and running expenses

By **CLEMENTINE
PADDLEFORD,**

As told to her by Gyda G. Plette

SO YOUR church is going to the fair? Not the World's Fair, built over the marshland of Flushing Meadow, just a long stone's throw from New York! Nor the Golden Gate International Exposition on San Francisco Bay! But your own State Fair. You're not going? Then you are missing a money-making opportunity that other churches cash in on heavily each fall. Some take concessions for gift booths. Some run sandwich and milk bars. Other groups sell fancy work or set up jelly bazaars. At Connecticut's State Fair at Danbury we have counted a dozen booths along the midway—all church run, with business flourishing.

But there is one church that goes to the Fair, has been going every year since 1903, to carry home a mint of money. One year their profits ran over \$4,000. Two years ago they cleared \$2,600. Only one year in thirty-six years of fair going have they lost a single cent. In 1929 the books showed a \$35 deficit. The depression they said, and kept right on cooking meals at the fair.

This fair-going church is the St. Anthony Park Methodist Episcopal Church, organized in 1889 in St. Anthony Park, a suburb of St. Paul, Minnesota,

and bounded on the west by Minneapolis. Fifty years ago this section was almost rural with a few scattered homes. But a group of Christian-minded families met to organize a church. For two years the congregation gathered Sundays in each other's homes and in public halls. Theological students from Hamline University did practice preaching as its pastors. Two years later, with the help of the Church Extension Society of the Methodist church, this group of twenty-seven members obtained their first building.

Another year and the church had a permanent pastor, but they were falling behind with the bills. The minister saw the situation and realized the load was heavier than the community could stand. He suggested they try to earn money by operating an eating place at the Minnesota State Fair. The Fair grounds were just three miles away. Members entered into the venture wholeheartedly. Space was rented for a tent.

The church had no equipment, not even a kettle. Stoves, chairs, dishes, all the dozen and one other pieces necessary to such an undertaking, had to be rented by the Ladies Aid for the duration of the fair. The men built tables to seat one hundred guests. The tent floor was of sod. When it rained, as it did rain, the aisles were muddy slippery paths. The tent leaked. Rain came down the stove pipe, rain put out the fire. One special night a storm blew the tent flat and soaked everything. But resourceful hands had the canvas dining room in order and doing business

as usual again in time for the noon meal. In spite of disaster several hundred dollars were cleared and the church bills paid.

The next year and the next the fair dining room was continued under canvas. When enough was cleared, so that the church was independent a better tent was rented, and a wooden floor was installed. By 1907, this small congregation had earned enough fair money to build a \$3,500 parsonage. When the State Fair Board built its new Dairy Building, the church rented half of the building as its dining hall. In 1923, they had doubled their capacity. They took over the entire building which is the set-up today.

The fair project grew and the church grew with it. By 1911, factories and railroads had crowded the district around the church. The residence section moved toward the north. There, too, was the campus of the Minnesota School of Agriculture and the University Farm. It was decided to build a larger church in a location to reach the student group. This structure cost \$30,000. A pipe organ was added in 1913. The following year a new parsonage was built to the tune of \$5,200.

As the congregation grew, so did business in the dining hall. Again the church was too small, and in 1926 a \$48,000 addition went up. This provided a fine new kitchen, many Sunday School rooms, a chapel, a parlor and business offices for the pastor, his secretary and the director of the Wesley Foundation which flourishes on the campus.

Fair money didn't accomplish it all. Members have donated individually to the building fund through the years. But the income from the dining hall carried the larger part of the load.

Let's have a look at this dining room and kitchen, where in recent Fair years over 12,000 meals are served in a period of ten days. The dining room itself is 50 x 158 feet, the kitchen 15 x 128 feet, an enclosed porch 10 x 66 feet—this used for the preparation of vegetables. The dining room has tables and folding chairs



On facing page, the present dining hall at the Minnesota State Fair, operated by the women of St. Anthony's M. E. Church, near St. Paul, Minnesota. Above, top, the first "Dining Hall," where meals were successfully served in a large tent. Center, the present building of St. Anthony's Church, largely paid for by the profits from the Dining Hall

to accommodate 500 guests and many more can be set up in the fifteen-foot wide center aisle. Because of the great length of the hall, duplicate service counters are located at either end. These are each equipped with water cooling tanks, coffee service counters, dessert counters, silverware cabinets, and steam tables from which the hot foods are served.

Four large table stoves and six ovens dominate the kitchen. Each oven can hold 150 pounds of meat. Fine copper boilers are on hand for cooking vegetables, for making soups. There are large roasting pans for the meat; hotel size urns for the coffee.

The salad department is equipped with ten-gallon enameled containers—crockers are too heavy for women to manage. Here, too, are vegetable dicers. And near the salad zone is the huge refrigerator built by the men of the church. This cold box holds one ton of ice at a time and keeps all foods in A-1 condition.

The dishwashing arrangement is a trough-like table where the dishes are stacked under overhead hose that pours down boiling water. The dishes are arranged in wire baskets which can be raised or lowered by means of rope and pulley fastened to the ceiling. Dishes are ducked into three successive tanks of boiling hot water—two tanks are filled with strong suds, the third is the rinse. Glasses are washed by hand in a separate department. Dishes are of the sturdy hotel china type, and there are enough of these to serve 800 guests. Silver goes through the tanks in separate baskets.

On the screened porch the "vegetable women" hold forth with the electric peeler which drowns out voices while it runs, whizzing the peels from a bushel of vegetables in four to eight minutes. The women "speck" the potatoes afterwards and dice the vegetables.

Plans for fair week start early. As soon as the Woman's Circle elects officers in

May, the state fair committee is appointed. The duties read that "before the end of June the committee shall secure all committee chairmen for the dining hall. This list includes the following departments: kitchen, buying, dining room, salads, desserts and breads, serving, coffee, glass wiping, vegetable preparation, dish washing, bakers, repairs, potato peeler, butter, linens, ushers, cashiers, transportation and nursery.

From the very first professional chefs have been hired to do the cooking. The hired help includes three chefs, four men assistants and four, sometimes five, women workers, a chief dishwasher and two night watchmen. On a big day 200 workers will have a hand in preparing, serving and cleaning operations—all these contribute their time. Each department head is chosen according to her abilities. Other points, too, have consideration. No matter how clever and capable a woman, if she is in poor health, or given to personal animosities, or has too many family responsibilities, she cannot handle the work as it should be done. The fair committee must know their members well indeed to choose the most efficient as department heads. These women, in turn, assign helpers to handle the various tasks. Every adult in the church constituency is signed for certain days at definite work. Some chairwomen have held over for many years, and that is as it should be, for it costs money to train new heads.

The salad manager, for instance, must know how to combine vegetables and make delicious dressings all at little cost. The "dessert lady" must keep an ever watchful eye for "leaks" (waiters love pie and ice cream). The linen lady must go easy on her handouts of aprons, towels and "wipe-up" cloths always keeping sufficient reserves.

One woman is trained for buying and to act as kitchen head. Records are noted from year to year; a great help in judging quantities. The buyer sends an experienced marketer to the city to buy five times during the ten-day fair. Yet it is not enough to buy cautiously and in correct amounts. A buyer must check to see that she really gets those tons of ice for which she signs. She must watch that food is never wasted. What is left over Saturday night is sent to a neighboring orphanage. It is the kitchen manager's job to keep account of dishes and equipment which will be needed by another year. She must be cool-headed and able to cope with emergencies.

The manager of waiters must know the young people, be able to get along with them yet keep strict discipline. Many waiters are but twelve years old but they are not accepted younger. Parents are glad to let their children help and the youngsters are keen for the chance. Morning duty begins at 10:30 A. M. and ends at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Again at 4:30 workers must be on hand but at 7:30 they are free for the fair and the evening's fun. The young people get fair admission, which is 25 cents, and their meals. If the parents request, the younger children are delivered home after work but the older young folks take care of themselves.

The eighty-five tables of the dining room are oil cloth covered, each one
(Continued on page 45)

A HOUSE NEEDS A HUSBAND

By Alice Booth

Illustrator EARLE B. WINSLOW



[PART TWO]

TOM worked with the intent gaze of an artist, slapping, slapping. A warm breeze fanned through the hall. Anne could smell the worn matting even through the paint. She was happy, happy, happy—painting her very own house, with Tom to help her.

"How am I doing it, Tom?" she asked anxiously.

"We'll both be experts by the time this job is done," Tom assured her.

And then they settled to work again so intently that only Anne, from the corner of her eye, saw something big and dark blocking out the daylight.

She turned. If it wasn't Walter, looking very much ashamed of himself but still brazening it out.

"Just thought I'd drop in and see how the painting was getting on," he announced loudly.

Anne fixed him with a glare, then melted because she was so eager for praise.

"Look," she boasted.

Tom smiled down from the stool.

Walter looked, stepped up, stepped back, squinted critically.

"Either of you ever do any painting before?" he inquired.

"Only on canvas," said Tom cheerfully.

"I thought not," deprecated Walter. "You know there's quite a little knack to it. It goes this way." He reached a hand. "Lend me your brush a minute, Anne?" he asked. "I think I can show Tom exactly how it goes." He made a long slow practiced stroke or two. "There! See? With the grain."

"I get you," said Tom, and went back to his stool.

"No, *this* way," corrected Walter.

knew the sound of that horn.

It was fifteen minutes before Tom joined her.

"What's the matter?" she snapped. "Why aren't you painting? You've got a brush." Try as she might, Anne could not keep an edge of injury from her voice.

"No I haven't," Tom contradicted deprecatingly.

"Then I'm going in and use it," threatened Anne. "I want to paint."

"I wouldn't," said Tom. "You see, Smith's got it. He's showing *Walter* how."

Anne looked at him and then a smile stretched her lips. Tom's eyes twinkled down at her.

And it went right on from there. Tom, Walter, Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith, Tom, Walter—Walter, Mr. Smith, Tom—the order of their coming varied, but inevitably if one came, they all came. Every Sunday Anne had the three of them bulking all over the place, getting in each other's way, stepping over each other's feet, working busily, ostentatiously, and leaving the house a scatter of tools, hooks, rulers, dirty paint brushes, step-ladders—and a million dishes to wash.

Try as she might, Anne never had a moment with Tom—and not being exactly stupid it soon occurred to her that the way she phrased it had some significance. She never felt resentfully that she and Walter never had a moment together—and still less that she and Mr. Smith never snatched a tête à tête from the assembled company.

"I ought to do

"Keep your wrist like this," Tom watched and watched. Anne sat in a chair and wished for her brush.

"Better just watch me for a while until you get the hang of it," Walter advised painting on and on, beautifully, smoothly.

The sound of a horn cut the slapping of the brushes. Anne disappeared through the kitchen to the yard. She

something to discourage them," she fretted conscientiously. "I oughtn't to let them waste so much of their time on the house, bless it! Because of course I'm not going to marry either of them."

"Either of them"—not *any* of them. Anne caught herself up with a blush, and began to plan ways to discourage people.

Three was too many. Three was a crowd. Anne got tired of them. They overloaded the house, which was much too old and fragile to be walked on by so many large and attentive young men.

"Three men are too many," she said aloud, and as if in answer, she heard "ah-oo-rah" down the hill. Mr. Smith was arriving first today. Anne got up wearily and went around to the front porch. She hoped to head him off there and keep him from seeing that a whole long strip of guttering had parted from its moorings and swayed like a broken reed from the mouldy eaves.

But it was no use. It wasn't more than five minutes before Mr. Smith saw the wreck.

"Have to put on new guttering right away," he decided. "Twenty feet, thirty feet—probably about sixty dollars. Let me know exactly what it comes to, so I can enter it in the book."

He was always doing that—entering in some unsympathetic ledger the repairs on the poor old house.

"Have to have a new roof soon," Mr. Smith went on. "Perhaps you'd better do that at the same time. One winter can damage your house more than the improvement would cost."

"How much is a roof?" Anne inquired in a small discouraged voice.

"Oh, two hundred and fifty ought to cover it," Mr. Smith estimated.

"Two hundred and fifty!" Anne mourned.

"You'll have to expect that," Mr. Smith answered. "There are always plenty of repair bills on these old houses."

"Perhaps you think I oughtn't to have bought this place," she burst out in exasperation. "Perhaps you think I was foolish."

Mr. Smith looked genuinely shocked. "I should say not!" he emphasized, putting his pencil and paper away. "I never

"Tom!" Anne said thankfully, "you haven't got pneumonia? I was scared to death!" She clung to him and burst into tears, and those big comforting arms went around her

said anything like that, I never thought anything like that. Slickest thing I ever saw the way you got it. *We'll get a lot of money out of this place some day!*"

There was a hot, throbbing silence, which Mr. Smith employed by turning as red as a fair young man with good healthy blood pressure can turn.

Anne's blue eyes blazed at him. She said nothing—absolutely nothing.

Mr. Smith began to stammer his way out of the situation. "You see, this land's going up in value—and some day this house will actually be gone, you know—and so will old Barnes—and then it'll sell for a nice profit for you and a nice commission for me."

He was almost back in his glib young realtor manner as he finished. But Anne knew—and Mr. Smith knew she knew. He left after a little vague conversation—as he went, thriftily retrieving a neat parcel he had left on the front porch as he came in, and which bore striking resemblance to a two-pound box of candy.

The blue car turned the corner at more than its usual speed.

Anne waited. Far down the hill the horn sounded aa-oo-rah—farewell. Mr. Smith had gone out of her life forever.

There were just two of them, now, to clutter up the house. It began to seem almost big enough again.

Tom and Walter—Walter and Tom. Anne began to feel dreadfully conscience-stricken about Walter. He was being so methodical in his courtship. He was doing so much work on the house. Anne knew he meant business.

"He wouldn't be wasting all this time and work if he didn't have intentions," Anne decided shrewdly.

After all, Walter was honest, Walter was loyal, Walter was dependable—but reckless philanthropy was no part of his nature. Anne was foolish about her house, but not about Walter. He was a dear but not a darling—and there is all the difference in the world between the two.

He kept on and on. Many a time Anne longed to tell him that she wouldn't—couldn't—ever—in a million years—but it seemed rather presuming before she was sure.

And then one night she was almost sure. For weeks, now, he had been coming more and more often, so on Friday night she and Tom slipped away from the office early with oysters and steak from the market, and caught the five-fifteen. But even that was no use. Walter came drifting in blandly before dinner was half ready, with a vague statement that he had expected to find Anne alone so they could have a good long talk together.

They were sitting in front of the fireplace having coffee when the rain began;

and no trifling rain either—just the steady sort of down-and-up rain that descends in torrents and then bounces back off the ground and soaks you to your knees. On and on it rained.

The fire whiffed gently and Anne, sitting cross-legged on the braided rug, found herself wishing she knew how to purr. And then, suddenly stirring from a dream or a doze, she was conscious of a strange sound that had certainly been going on for some time like a dull drumbeat to the marching song of the rain. Flat and dull and slapping it sounded—plit—plat—plit—plat—

"What's that?" she demanded, inexplicably feeling that something was wrong, and dashed upstairs to her own room—and—stood. . . .

There on the ceiling two great wet stains were spreading and deepening, and in two places, smack and smack, dripped and dropped rain—right through the roof, right through the attic floor.

It was Walter who took command, of course. Tom remained on the sidelines wishful but without the faintest idea of what to do. There was no light in the attic, either, so Anne scurried for candles, and Walter inspected with the air of a judge.

"Oilcloth!" he commanded with the air of a Napoleon. "Get some!"

And Anne flew (*Continued on page 43*)



DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 33)

through all the earth, and tethers heart to heart." He is referring to sympathy. There are ties which bind us to those we love. Sometimes they are no thicker than a single thread. Yet they hold us to their hearts. And the feeling that they understand and sympathize helps to make the soul strong. But how this illustrates the bond which holds the divine Saviour to us, and us to Him. He was made in all things like unto His brethren. That word "brethren" is suggestive of the intimate relationship between the soul and its Redeemer, and the fact that He knows, feels, and sympathizes makes the soul strong to bear and be brave.

*"In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows bore a part."
Let that cheer and console us this day.*

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17

"HE SHALL SUSTAIN THEE."

READ PSALM 55:17-23.

THE burro of South America has amazing strength. The loads it can carry seem out of all proportion to its size. Yet there is a secret about his strength. The first year, he is given a fairly light load, until he gets accustomed to the weight. The second year, he must bear a heavier burden, although that is never excessive. It is not until the third year that he is fully developed. Then he can carry the maximum weight. The burden is not so much fitted for the back, as the back for the burden. So is it with the obedient and trustful soul. Pray not for a lighter load, but for a back adequate for the burden.

Thou dost not ask us to live without Thy strength. Help us, from this day, to use the resources Thou hast made ours.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18

"NOTWITHSTANDING, THE LORD STOOD WITH ME."

READ II TIMOTHY 4:6-18.

FOR the second time, Paul stood trial for his life. But one of the hardest blows was that his friends forsook him. Yet he does not waste time in reproaches. He seeks some compensating factor. This was it: "Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me." That meant what? Steadying, allaying of anxiety, and restored poise. There was little hope now that Nero would again acquit him. The animosity of his foes forbade that. Yet, he says, "Notwithstanding!" It is a shout of victory. And a like faith may be ours.

Lead us into that frame of mind, O Lord, in which our hearts may know Thy nearness. Through Jesus Christ, our guarantee of good. Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19

"HE IS ABLE TO SUCCOR."

READ II CORINTHIANS 12:7-10.

ANDROMEDA, the Greek princess,

was compelled to yield herself as a sacrifice for her people. She was chained to a rock, to be the victim of the sea-god. But Perseus, winging his way to her aid, cut the fetters, turned his sword against the monster, and rescued her from her doom. So the Son of God came to succor the human soul. According to our plight, according to the measure of our need, Christ comes to bring that blessed deliverance.

O Thou who wast moved with compassion for the heavy-laden and the afflicted, let Thy grace come to our hearts this day. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20

"BLOTTING OUT THE HANDWRITING."

READ PSALM 32.

ONLY once, in his long career, did Napoleon show mercy. The Count Hatzfeld had been accused of treachery, and sentenced to death. His wife pleaded with the Emperor, protesting her husband's innocence. Napoleon showed her a document. "Whose writing is that, madame?" As her face blanched, Napoleon asked his minister of state, "What other proof is there of the count's treachery? None." Thrusting the paper into the fire, he said to the kneeling woman, "We have no evidence against the count. He is pardoned." With what divine mercy does the Saviour cancel the guilt of the penitent.

Because we have been loved, because Thy life was given for us, help us to give our lives to Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 21

"HE ENDURED AS SEEING."

READ II CORINTHIANS 4:14-18.

TO SEE the invisible is not impossible. The astronomer, with his telescope, the scientist, with his microscope, are constantly looking at what the outsider cannot see. Faith is an instrument just as effectual. Columbus, by faith, saw a new world. His views were ridiculed; his faith was rewarded. Moses was even more remarkable. "He endured as seeing him who is invisible." Faith nerved him to do the difficult. It kept him true to the highest. Can we enjoy this mighty incentive to endurance? We can, "Looking unto Jesus," as guide, and goal.

Keep our eyes from the dust of defeat, our hearts from fear, that we discern the real purpose of life, and in Thy grace at last reach the goal. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

READ JEREMIAH 18:1-6.

IN THE marketplace, one dusk of day, I watched the potter thumping his wet clay." That is Omar Khayyam. To the clay, those blows seemed both meaningless and unnecessary. Yet the potter was striving to make the clay

plastic, so that he could shape it to worthy ends. And when we speak of the blows of fate, of course, as Christians we know there is no such thing. All God's dealings with us are in love.

Help us to trust where we cannot trace, to believe in Thee when we have lost faith in ourselves. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23

"THROUGH CHRIST"

READ JOSHUA 1:1-7.

WHEN Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ," he is not boasting. We are suspicious of the Jack-of-all-trades because he is usually master of none. The Apostle makes no such claim. He does not suggest that he can do the impossible. But he does say that he can do, with Christ's help, what would otherwise be impossible. The rightful calls which his work made on him, the demands of each day, could all be met through this divine empowering. Does that apply to us? It certainly does. God has no favorites. We may sometimes go beyond our strength; we can never go beyond His.

O Thou whose grace is all sufficient, help us to count more upon Thee, that, in the doing of Thy will, Thou mayest be able to count on us. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24

"FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS."

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:10-13.

WITHOUT realizing it, we often allow ourselves to envy others. A man, sawing a log at the roadside, watched a carriage roll past. "And as the fortunate couple he spied, he said, as he worked with the saw on the log, 'I wish I were rich, and could ride.'" But the occupants of the carriage also had noticed him. And the man said to his wife, "One thing I would give, if I could, I'd give all my wealth, for the strength and the health of the man that saweth that wood." Foolish, is it not? Yet not more foolish than to think that other people are so much better off than we; that they have all the good fortune, and we misfortune; that we have not any number of blessings if only we would stop to count them. Try it!

Whatever befalls, give us thankful hearts. Often though we forget Thee, Thou dost not forget us. Every day, enable us to discern Thy gifts to us.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25

"CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD."

READ DEUTERONOMY 33:26-29.

COMING out of a large store were a little girl and her father. They had evidently been shopping. Possibly it was a birthday; and maybe the large parcel contained a new doll. That may have been why the child so resolutely de-

(Continued on page 51)

to rip her treasured new blue and white square from the kitchen table.

"A hammer and nails," Walter shouted after her, as she tore down the stairs.

He threw up the little dormer window above the lean-to kitchen. "Now, Tom," he said, "if you'll step out there—Anne, be ready to hand him the hammer and nails as he needs them—and I'll hold the candle close to the roof so the gleam will tell you just where the leak is. Careful now—watch your footing on those slippery shingles."

It rained and it rained. The oilcloth flapped and blew around Tom's head and almost smothered him, but finally it was nailed down in a great square over the leak. Triumphant, the three returned to the little living room, where Tom utterly refused to sit down anywhere except on the floor because he was too wet, and he steamed contentedly before the fire while Anne ran to make hot coffee.

Discontentedly Walter looked at his watch. "Rather a busy evening," he commented. "No time to talk. We've just time to catch the last train, Tom, if you've finished your coffee."

"I do hope you haven't caught cold, Tom," worried Anne, as she touched his damp shirtsleeve and handed him his nearly dry coat.

"Cheer up," said Tom. "I'll get in a good steam running down hill to get that train." And he hurried off after Walter.

And the next day she was sure. Walter came on a Saturday afternoon. He never came on Saturday afternoons before.

There was an air of triumph about him, too, that was just a few degrees higher in temperature than his usual bland assurance. Anne's heart fluttered. Poor Walter! She did hate to hurt him so! All afternoon he went about with the same air of calm expectancy, but said not a word of betrayal. It got on Anne's nerves terribly.

But Anne was too impulsive. And Walter was not. He knew the value of a meal just at the peak of perfection. Supper passed in a pleasant haze of baked ham and pineapple, fluffy muffins, melting butter, spiced peaches, and perfect coffee. The little table drawn up by the bright coals was an irresistible invitation to domesticity, but Walter waited until the dishes were swept away and the little table was folded and returned to its kennel under the stairs, and Anne was on her low cushion by the hearth, opposite him.

Walter cleared his throat. Walter began—in a calm voice, a casual voice.

"A hearthfire is a place for confidences," stated Walter. "And I have a confidence to make tonight, Anne."

That much, he had written out and rehearsed, thought Anne. She could not look at him, but her profile in the firelight, was a temptation to continue.

"I have not lived my life without a plan," orated Walter. "Always I have seen in the future—a home—a wife—perhaps, some day—kiddies—kiddies of our own."

This was terrible, thought Anne. What could she do? In her worst horrors she had never anticipated anything as bad as this.

"But I am an honest man," declaimed Walter. "I know what is due a woman

who blindly entrusts her future—and the future of her kiddies—to the strength of a man's endeavors. And I had carefully set a mark at which marriage would be financially safe. A mark at which I could go to any man and ask for his daughter with integrity.

"This, I say, was my settled purpose. I thought that nothing could influence me from it. But you, Anne, have changed me."

Anne gave him a horror-stricken look—but Walter did not see it. He was caught up in the rushing current of his own oration.

"I have seen," perorated Walter, "how



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much happiness you have found even in this little home. I have experienced myself the simple elemental joy in building, improving, repairing, adorning. It has been a vicarious joy, it is true, but I have learned from it how much pleasure I should feel if it were my own house I was caring for with my own hands.

"I have also kept careful accounts and I see that the old aphorism that two can live as cheap as one, is very nearly true. Two can live about once-and-a-half times as cheap as one—and with infinitely more comfort. The advantages of home cooking, of wifely devotion, of shirts done exactly as one likes them—are well worth

a slight monetary compensation."

Anne's eyes began to blaze. Of all the conceit! Stop him? Never! Let him drop.

"I have found—that is, Mr. Smith has found for me—a small Dutch Colonial house with a patio which can be bought for a fraction of its value. Payments on this will not equal my hotel bill in the city. And there is every reason to expect that appreciation in value will equal the small down payment I shall be forced to make."

Anne leaned her head wearily on her hand. This was not terrible; it was tiresome. How much longer would he go on with this interminable declaration?

"With all this in mind, I have decided to postpone my marriage no longer—and it is you, entirely, Anne, who has caused this radical change in my plans.

"I do not know whether I have ever told you—I am not very communicative on my private affairs—that for six years, now, I have had an understanding with a young girl in my home town? She is the only daughter of Judge Ralston—beautiful, talented, a social star in every sense.

"I think the time has come to end our waiting—and our happiness is all due to you, Anne.

"I wanted you to be the first to know—I shall write the good news to Helen, tomorrow."

Anne turned red—turned white. She gasped and rose to shake hands with Walter. Relief, horror—joy, fury—shock, murder—gave her a hysterical gladness of congratulation.

Walter stood beaming at her, bland, complacent, innocent.

"You'll always be our best friend, Anne," he promised Anne benevolently. "Oh, I've written Helen a lot about you. There's nothing like a good girl friend for a young fellow alone in the city. Keeps him out of temptation, you know, and all that. And you've been one of the finest, Anne. I've always spoken of you that way to Helen. 'The best friend a man ever had,' I told her."

"The best friend a man ever had," he repeated solemnly as he left.

The wind must have caught the door. It slammed. Anne stood against it till she heard the gate lift, creak, set down, creak.

Walter was gone.

"Two," counted Anne viciously, her teeth set, and then found she was crying all over her blue silk. Crying still, she went upstairs to the comfort of her own room. Outside the window the little pine tree Tom had planted stood staunch in its place. It would always be there.

A smile broke through. So would Tom. And she said herself to sleep with it. "Tomorrow, Tom will be here—tomorrow—tomorrow."

Sunday it rained again but Anne scattered sunshine through the house for Tom.

This would be the day, all right. Tom usually came on the eleven-thirty-six but the taxis labored up the hill in a slipping stream and skidded gracefully back. Anne looked and looked, her nose flattened against the back window, but it was no use. He must have missed the train. No chance now until the twelve forty-five.

Taxis up, taxis down—a curl of dark
(Turn to next page)

(Continued from page 43)

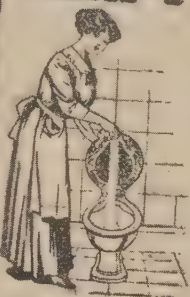
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smoke on the river's gray—no Tom. No Tom on the two-sixteen. No Tom on the three forty-five. No Tom on the five seventeen. No Tom on the seven fifty-three. Anne fussed and fumed—picked up things—laid them down. It was just like Tom—missing all those trains—just like him—the big, stupid, lazy thing! While she slaved here all the day to get dinner! She flounced out to the kitchen and glared at the chicken reproachfully, twitched off the napkin and frowned at the cake.

At ten o'clock a ghastly fear that she had been refusing to look at for three hours, turned into a sickening certainty. Tom was not coming. Probably had never meant to come. How could you tell about these men? Never was she surer of anyone than of Walter! And there all the time he was just using her as a pleasant magazine to beguile the tedious journey to his Helen. Perhaps Tom also had his Helen. Probably he was writing to her. At least he might have said he wasn't coming. She had no phone but he could have written—or sent a telegram. But then he hadn't said he was coming. After all, she had merely taken it for granted. Still, if a man comes every Sunday for three months, wouldn't it be reasonable to expect him to keep on? Reasonable, yes, but not masculine. You couldn't tell anything about men.

She looked around and the house no longer smiled. It seemed somehow to resemble the hotel room she had left in New York. Empty and cold and forbidding.

Well, it was all she had. The house at least had never forsaken her. It had always been there every Sunday. It always would. She could depend on that. Perhaps she had better just live for her house. And she might buy some new furniture to fill up the gaps the three missing men seemed to have left. . . .

Anne put her head down on her knees and cried the blue and white organdy limp.

Later—much later—she went soggily up to bed—her blue eyes swollen, and her poor little nose a pink blob with crying. A strange sound came from the spare room—plink—plink—plink—plunk. Horrified, she looked in at the great grey stain on the ceiling and the great drops dripping on the blue painted floor.

Hastily she centered the washbowl under the leak, and left it to its worst. After all, wasn't it symbolic—rain in her heart, rain in her house!

With a last sniff, she drowned her sorrows in bed.

Of all things she would not do, Anne vowed to herself, was to let Tom know she minded. She would be fresh and frivolous. She would hint at another beau. She would be sweet—she must be careful not to be too sweet—and she would just quietly and elusively never see him again.

She was late, too, and she would pretend that it was because she had stayed up so late last night. It was really because she had stopped to persuade someone to come and mend the roof.

She fixed her face carefully before she went into the office—a bright, bright smile and two happy eyes. She sickened at herself even as she smirked her way down the long room.

Suddenly she stopped still. Tom's desk was vacant. Idle, clear of pictures and lay-outs. No hat and big coat hanging on the tree.

"Where's Tom?" Anne heard herself asking terribly, dramatically.

"Oh, didn't you know?" said Miss Beeson. "He's home sick—threatened with pneumonia, Walter said."

Walter—Anne flew to the little mahogany sanctum of the legal department.

"What's the matter with Tom?" she burst out. "When did you hear?"

Walter's smug face changed to an unaccustomed expression of self-reproach.

"Oh, I say! Tom sent you a message Saturday. I forgot."

"How is he now?" insisted Anne. "Was he very sick? What did he say?"

"Why, I saw him Saturday," reflected Walter, "and he couldn't speak above a whisper. Doctor ordered him to stay in bed. He told me to tell you he couldn't get up Sunday—but my mind was too taken up with romance," he smiled significantly. "I have her picture in the back of my watch. Did I ever show it to you?"

Anne stared at him for a long moment. "Oh!" she said breathlessly. Just "Oh!"

She turned and ran to the elevator, was out on the street and hailing a taxi with her dripping umbrella in a jiffy.

"Nineteen more blocks—eighteen more blocks—seventeen more blocks"—she counted through her prayers. Traffic—red lights—slippery car tracks—traffic—five more blocks—four more blocks—traffic—stop signals—left turn—around the corner—turn again—stop.

She threw the driver the dollar bill she had been flirting in her fingers—and tore up the steps, rang the bell, burst through the clicking door, and dived up the stairs in a panting, panting rush. One flight—two—and Tom stood at the top in an old brown bathrobe, his hair mussed, his eyes red, a disreputable bandage about his throat riding clear to his ear on one side.

"Tom!" Anne thanked God. "You haven't got pneumonia? I was scared to death!"

She clung to him and burst into tears, and those big comforting arms went around her and presently urged her into the little living room.

"You're sure you're all right?" she insisted. "Oughtn't you to be in bed?"

"Nonsense!" said Tom in a horrible hoarse whisper. "I'm all right. Just got a cold. Can't talk."

"I thought the house had killed you," said Anne with dreadful calmness. "I thought you got pneumonia nailing on the roof in the rain. I was going to burn it down—give it away—never see it again. Oh, Tom!"

"If you like me better than the house, there must be hope," reasoned Tom, his arms about her again. "How about it, Anne? Let's get married."

A little smile kept twitching at Anne's lips and the corners of her eyes. "Well, the house needs a husband," she tried to say demurely.

"Anne—Anne!" said Tom.

"And I guess I do, too," she admitted.

Her head went down on the brown bathrobe shoulder. It was just as comforting as she had always thought it would be.

Home wasn't a house, after all, she thought. It was a place in someone's heart.

(Continued from page 39)

numbered. Each night the dining room manager writes the names of the waiters upon the tables they are to serve next day. She tries to remember with whom each one wants to work and which boys consider it a disgrace to have a table among the girls and which ones deem it a privilege. The younger workers take care of five chairs, the next older six chairs; the most capable are kept busy with eight. Young workers are kept in view of the dining room manager and close to the serving counters so they need not cross the busy center aisle with coffee and soup. There is no time to mop up accidents, there can be no waste by unnecessary spills.

Prompt service is a "must," not so much for the customer's pleasure, as foot-sore fair visitors love to linger, but to make it possible to accommodate those crowds that wait admission at the door. The lines ever lengthen—that in spite of the fact that 600 can be seated at one time in this long dining room.

The menu committee includes the buyer (who is also the kitchen head) and the chairwoman of salads, of desserts, manager of the waiters and manager of the dining room. Menus are changed very little from year to year. Soup is a meal-time daily except on Labor Day. This item costs almost nothing and is a great "filler-upper" so customers do not eat as much of more expensive foods. On cold or wet days the word soup is printed in large letters on all bill boards and outside barkers call especial attention to the virtues of a steaming bowl of broth. Labor Day, soup goes off the menu. It is impossible to handle so many greasy soup bowls in the dishwashing rush. Soup keeps a customer in his place five to ten minutes longer, thus further detaining the crowds at the door. Stoves are crowded to capacity on this holiday; there is no room for big boilers.

Three choices of meat are offered each meal; one is always roast beef. Some who eat out seem afraid to risk an order on any meat except this old reliable. One meat each meal is served with dressing. The baked ham with raisin sauce has won a state-wide reputation. Fish is liked by these people of the North and one assistant chef is hired each year who fries fish to melt in the mouth. Once chicken was the big item but not any more; too many complaints over a wing or neck or a dark piece when light meat was preferred. Now, this group of church cooks serve chicken only for banquets and then only in a certain dish that uses the meat picked from the bones. For this, the chickens are stewed, the meat picked off and spread in shallow pans. A well-seasoned bread dressing, moistened with part of the broth is laid over this and the dish is baked. It is passed with gravy made from the remaining broth. Everyone has exactly the same size serving and no one can tell the neck from the drumstick.

All vegetables served are the fresh except in emergencies. Fresh produce in the summer season costs less than the canned. Harvard beets, sour, please Minnesota fair-goers better than buttered beets. So it's Harvard beets, sour, when beets are on the menu. Corn on the cob is popu-

"I MARRIED A JELLY CHAMPION!"

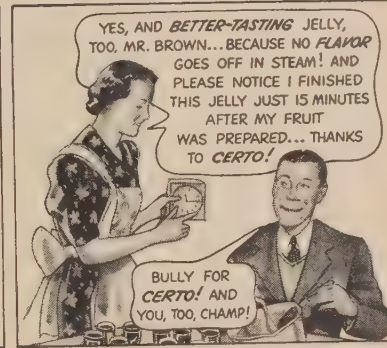
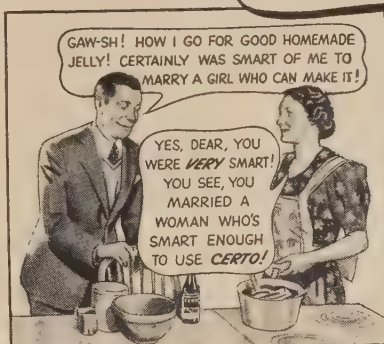
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lar and listed frequently except on Labor Day when there is no boiler space. Cleaning celery is a tedious job so this vegetable is served only on slack days. It is boiled potatoes every day. Attempts at fancier styles have proved too difficult for the space and equipment.

Many things these "crowd" caterers have learned through the years. Cottage cheese they tell you is too expensive to pass out to a multitude. This is used on light days and then as a coarser for trade. Butter is cut into small pieces and served on paper chips. Beverages never vary; coffee, hot tea, iced tea, milk. Most coffee companies, you may like to know, lend the necessary urns, just as a favor, to get the order. But these canny women never make a contract without a clause stipulating that they can break it any time if the quality of the product varies.

So efficiently have the service details been developed that this group can accomplish almost impossible feats. One example was the Friday of fair week, 1936, when the women were prepared to

(Continued from page 13)

women and children were once erected in the world the violators could confidently expect that the indignation of neutrals would bring disasters to the offenders.

Some Experience

Incidentally on Armistice Day in 1929 I made the part of this proposal relating to the immunity of food ships. It was approved by the leaders in a score of nations. Those nations who did not regard it with favor thought it one-sided. But they now find themselves hideously menaced from the air. The double proposal should now commend itself to those who then thought it one-sided.

In 1932 I proposed to the Conference on Land Disarmament a limitation on the use of bombing planes which was accepted by the representatives of many nations. I did not then propose enforcement through organized neutral action as I now do.

To those who doubt the practicability of the idea of ships moving through blockades, I may point out that the Belgian Relief Commission delivered more than 2,000 full cargoes of food through two rings of blockade. It was done by international agreement under neutral management operating continuously for more than four years. It proved that this could be done.

Moreover, the conventions as to the Red Cross were fairly well held to in the civilized countries during 1914 to 1919. The agreements as to protection of prisoners were also fairly well held. At least some agreements to mitigate barbarity have been kept in war. These growths away from barbarism lend hope for further progress toward protection to women and children.

If we wish to lower our vision from the transcendent questions of humanity involved, we can find an impelling interest to neutrals in these proposals.

In the last war the blockade initially reduced demand and every farmer in the world suffered. Then as the long lanes of food from the Southern Hemisphere could not be used because of diminished

serve 450 guests at the Editors' and Legislators' Banquet. One o'clock was the scheduled hour. First the 600 regular customers were served. The doors closed at 12:30 to make sure the last guest would be gone before the banqueters arrived. At one o'clock promptly in marched 617 guests. Collapsible tables kept for such an emergency were set in the center aisles. Chairs appeared as by magic. Clean white paper was rolled out for table cloths. Within ten minutes the tables were ready and the entire crowd was being served.

Owning so much equipment has enabled the women of the church to provide a unique catering service for convention groups meeting in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Hot dinners have been carried and served at warehouses to as many as 700 men and on frequent occasions.

Fair work has paid the last mortgage on the church. It has enabled a small congregation to provide a church home for hundreds of students many of whom are from foreign lands.

shipping and the submarine, the demand was concentrated on North America. And the farmers of the Southern Hemisphere went bankrupt during the war. Perhaps someone thinks our farmer benefited. He did not. He has for years and is today still suffering from the expansion of sub-marginal lands and the inflation of land values due to the high prices of the war.

Conclusion

Today's is perhaps a poor atmosphere to make any proposal to mitigate the barbarities of war. So many are desperate with fear. So many have learned to hate. So much hatred is being stimulated by the artifices of propaganda.

The processes which lessened the causes of war and made for peace have been greatly weakened. It is a tragic fact that in six years the treaties limiting the navies have been abandoned. The hopeful negotiations to limit land arms have died away. Encouraging international action by the world conference to restore the prosperity of the world was suppressed. Nations have lawlessly violated their pledges never to use war as an instrument of national policies. Every large nation is arming to the teeth. The standards of living all over the world are being lowered to pay for increasing arms. Fear is rampant. The only methods of peace today are military alliances, threats of force, and delicate balances of armed power.

All this may seem discouraging. But there are times when to relift the banner of moral standards is worth while. For unless it is raised there will be no morals. Because hate and violence have arisen in men is no excuse that we shall forsake reason and humanity.

For America to voice these ideas on behalf of women and children requires no use of force. It needs no military alliances, no leagues, no sanctions. It requires no power politics. But that voice when raised on behalf of humanity can be the most potent force in the world today.

We possess a great power and we should use it to save mankind from the barbarities of war. In this we will be right at all times.

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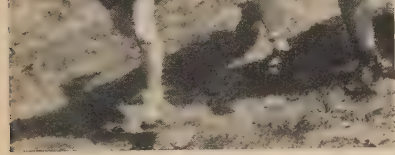
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(Continued from page 15)

fast rules to follow, but one requisite for training pre-adolescent youths and making them like it is a thorough course in child psychology. All boys are different, I learn in college and later in my work, even the ones in my choir, who make similar grades, pursue similar studies, sing the same songs and play identical games day after day. The only similarity I can find is that they all like apples!

"I always answer persons who ask me how to organize a boys' choir with these words: 'Get a thorough musical training, add a complete course in psychology, sprinkle well with patience—and dream a few dreams. Then, if you're still determined, get out and work, work, work!'"

Which brings us to members of the choir. Just how perfect are these little boys, who are the objects of toasts wherever they sing and whose voices, blended together, bring new hope to the hearts of many weary men? To answer this question, we must distinguish between present and past members of the choir. Each year, the personnel changes, due to changes in the voices of members. For this reason, more than 100 boys can say they have been members of the choir during the years of its existence, and it may be for this reason, too, that Mr. Cooper's young head of hair is showing signs of turning a bit grey! He estimates the "turnover" to be about eight boys a year, approximately thirty-five per cent.

Present members of the choir range in ages from eight to fifteen years. In other seasons, there have been members who were seven years old, but none older than fifteen. Most of the membership this year is composed of boys in Birmingham, but one is from Wellington, Kansas, another from Mobile, Alabama, another from Jasper, Alabama, one from Meridian, Mississippi, another from Hattiesburg, Mississippi, another from Abbeville, South Carolina, one from Rocky Ford, Georgia, and several from communities surrounding Birmingham.

Included is the son of a mayor, the son of a banker and the son of a government official, although most of the members come from either average or a little-better-than-average income homes. Every boy is given an i. q. test when he applies for membership in the choir. If his intelligence quotient is not well above average, he is not considered. Also, Mr. Cooper looks over the youth's school record; if the applicant has not made commendable grades, he will not be considered. Naturally, voice tests are given all prospective members.

The boys who reside in and near Birmingham live with their parents, but those from far away reside at Mr. Cooper's home. He has a daily schedule for every member of the choir and any disobedience will bring expulsion. Each youth, whether he lives at home or with Mr. Cooper, must arise at seven o'clock in the morning and be back in bed by nine o'clock at night. He must play outdoors each clear day, eat plenty of fruit, practice either at a piano or a violin for an hour or so.

All in all, the boys are watched as carefully as a football squad, and they get as many physical benefits from their training. Few cases of sickness occur among the choir members. Every effort is made

by the director to see that none of his boys get the "big head" because of membership in the exclusive musical group. On the contrary, he teaches the youths to feel that they are privileged to be included in the choir.

Careful selection of choir members and unceasing care of the ones who "got in" has helped Mr. Cooper's group year after year to set scholastic as well as musical records. Many of his "little men" make straight "A" averages in school. He has few don'ts for the boys, but here are the ones he does have: (and they're enforced).

1. Never scream.
2. Do not eat nuts, whipped cream, candy or popcorn on the day before a concert.

3. Never be absent from group practices except on account of illness.

4. Do not be disrespectful to grownups.

Amazing to the general public is the fact that the boys actually love their work in the choir. Never is there a dearth of applicants when a vacancy comes and frequently, when a member's voice changes and he must leave the choir, he cries as if his heart would break. He feels as if time has caught up with him and dishonored him.

"I always explain to the disappointed youth that statistics prove most adult singers were beautiful singers before adolescence, but had to go through the 'growing' period," Mr. Cooper declared. "Naturally, this seldom consoles the overgrown member, but later on it makes him realize that when his voice has changed completely he may still be of value in other choirs. Lanny Ross, Nelson Eddy and many of the great male singers of our day had beautiful pre-adolescent voices."

Since the choir was formed, members each year have had a busy schedule. After the "Presidential" triumph, and the jaunt to Europe by Mr. Cooper, he began in earnest to make engagements in other parts of the country. In December of 1936, six members of the choir went to New York City and sang before small social groups. In the early part of 1937, Mr. Cooper started on a tour of Florida with his choir, but the trip was cut short by the death of his father. In 1938, despite the fact he had lost considerable money on the trip the year before, he took the boys to Florida for a four-week stay—and they were successful in all parts of the peninsula state.

Before leaving Birmingham, the choir sang over a national hookup. As a result, when Mr. Cooper returned to Birmingham, he found a stack of mail containing letters from all parts of the country, complimenting him, and asking him for information about rearing children and organizing choirs.

Of course, Coleman Cooper's work has had its financial and social rewards. He no longer has to sell a cemetery lot to take his boys on a tour, for audiences are willing to pay to hear the small boys sing. Most of all, however, his reward is the satisfaction of seeing and hearing the boys perform—under his direction. Naturally, when someone like Victor Gomboz, director of the Vienna Boys' Choir, says, "The intonation of the Apollo Boys' Choir is as nearly perfect as I have heard demonstrated by an American choir," Coleman Cooper's eyes sparkle and his joy knows no bounds.

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(Continued from page 37)

lic works to show for it. We have nothing but two generations corrupted by idleness."

The luncheon was poor as to food but charming as to the little details and formalities which are always well done here. I heartily dislike eating in a cloud of smoke, so I was pleased that no one could light a cigarette until the end of the meal, after the King's health had been drunk. The speaker was the president of the Union and he gave us an excellent, well-informed talk about the attitude of the United States toward Great Britain, especially at the present moment; and he said he hoped, but not too optimistically, that America would join her lot with English in case of attack by the totalitarian countries. He made one statement which I have not been able to check, for I have no copy of Washington's Farewell Address at hand. He said that after Washington had warned his fellow citizens against entangling European alliances, he went on to express the thought that there were conditions under which an alliance

(Continued from page 17)

So we young American-born Japanese go to school, colleges, and universities. Here again the general outcries are that we outsmart the average American students and consequently we are termed cheats. Notwithstanding the midnight oil we burn. Oh, yes, the Japanese are smart people. We have to be smart in order to exist among the handicaps that beset us. It wasn't so bad for the older generation, because most of them could not understand the English language nor did they care as long as they made some money. The goal of the older generation of Japanese was not to make a living here, but to earn and save enough

(Continued from page 30)

chaplain. And his services were recognized by both the American Legion and the war committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. He was the author of books, a member of honorary societies, a cultured gentleman. But it was in the field of the humanities and as a Christian who was the embodi-

(Continued from page 22)

going to Aunt Sue's and in our bag we have an apricot, a bone and a cuspidor." If there are only three people playing, it is now the turn of the first player again and he contributes a domino. Number two puts in an engine and number three donates a fig. The game continues until someone is unable to remember all of the preceding items. That player drops out and the game goes on until only one person is left and becomes the winner.

And now "ghost" puts in a late appearance—which is quite the correct thing for a ghost to do. One of the group chooses a letter which starts some definite word that he has in mind. The next one adds a second letter, again with a word in mind although it may not be the one that the first player was thinking about. So it goes, around the circle, with each player adding a letter and doing his or her best not to have his addition end the word. If he

might be desirable. Can any of my readers send me such a paragraph from the farewell address?

It was all somehow very disturbing. There were the allied warships in the bay and the sound of heavy airplanes above the lovely flowered hillsides where the cuckoos were calling. And the men and women sitting round the luncheon tables were anxious and unwontedly humble. Somehow England had found herself in trouble because she had believed it right to disarm, and she had disarmed. Somehow, they confessed, they'd been stupid.

"Do you think the United States, if she comes to help, will take three years to make up her mind?" They asked me again and again. "Because, you know this island could be bombed out of existence in a fortnight!" And, in a way, it's America's England too!" I could only say, I do not know.

As usual, Penn's was the last word at the luncheon. "The roast lamb," she said, "was cold and the lecture wasn't so hot. There isn't going to be any war and if there is the English will never quit fighting so they can't be licked. Let's go."

money so that they could go back to their own country and live the rest of their lives in comfort and peace. But to us second generations, this is not so. We are here to make a living, whether we like it or not. We cannot go back to the country of our fathers as it is overcrowded and the young generation who were born there resent our coming back and grabbing their meal tickets. We have to live here and make the best of it. This is our country. We've never been to Japan. We don't know what the country looks like. Yet, I am told to go back to Japan to earn my living, simply because I happen to be Japanese, and yet I am American. Who am I anyhow?

ment of the Gospel he preached, that John Maynard reached the guarded heights of character and achievement. At eighty he had lived a full life, and not the least of his rewards was his satisfaction in watching his son, who followed him in Wesleyan University, move steadily through various relationships with *Christian Herald* and *Christian Herald* activities to the editorship of this journal.

fails in this and does end the word, he becomes one-third of a ghost and three of these put him out of the game. Then his existence must be ignored by all remaining players. Anyone who speaks to him immediately becomes a full ghost, regardless of the count against him at the time.

It is helpful to have a dictionary along when this game is played. The attempts to avoid ending a word often lead into a weird string of letters and the only safe way to unravel it is to "look it up." Proper names are not allowed and all words must contain three or more letters. Any player who has doubts about the word that another has in mind when adding a letter, has the right to "challenge." If the other has no actual word on hand, he becomes another "third of a ghost." If on the other hand he can name an acceptable word, the challenger has to add a third of a ghost to his standing. In either event, the next player starts a new word, which is also done every time a word is ended normally.

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(Continued from page 25)

zation—for these people suddenly to be uprooted and thrown out into a complex world they know nothing about, having nothing themselves to offer this busy world. . . . It is a frightful situation. The threat of the dangers confront you, Milly—girls like you.

"You're too young to understand," she repeated emphatically. "I do not like the conditions of your environment at Hill Top Tourist Camp. I am a Welfare Officer for this section. I'm responsible for every girl under eighteen. . . . There are wicked men at Hill Top." She paused ominously.

I said nothing and she went on, "My plan, in a nutshell, is this: Vi is under arrest for Camarsand. It's no disgrace, I assure you. Camarsand is a wonderful place; a haven of protection, not punishment at all. A great State Institution."

Camarsand was jail to me and nothing she said could make it anything else. "I have an alternative to suggest," she continued. "Arrangements have been made for Vi to go to Penmore School as a boarder if—if you, Milly, will cooperate and help."

So—that is their game, I thought. "Vi needs the chance, Milly," Miss Wray went on. "I know she thinks she's in love with this Fred Adair, but I know something that she doesn't, and that is—there is a warrant out for this man."

"What—fer?" gasped Vi. "A warrant out fer Fred?"

"For taking a girl in his car across the State line," Miss Wray told us, calmly.

Vi seemed to crumble up. It was a stiff blow to the kid. She huddled in her chair, sobbing hysterically; I could tell that her every nerve was on edge. I got up and took her in my arms and pulled her to her feet.

"Buck up, kid," I entreated. "Tain't going to be so bad. Fred's good riddance, if he's that sort."

"Oh—Milly!" she sobbed on my shoulder.

Ma spoke. "Miss Wray says Vi kin go to Penmore—termorrer, but she can't les-

(Continued from page 29)

body, and after that have no more that they can do . . . fear him which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell."

The third penalty of hypocrisy is that it looks toward ultimate punishment. The Scripture says that there is a day coming when the secrets of all hearts shall be judged by Jesus Christ. Then truth and sincerity will appear in the most perfect beauty, but the craftiness of liars will be stripped from its colors and all pretenses will be disclosed in men and angels. The folly of dishonesty will be revealed. Isaiah says, "fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrite." This is the sudden fear of judgment which is promised upon all those who practice hypocrisy. The Scripture teaches, "Hypocrites in heart heap up wrath." And Jesus proclaimed that the portion of hypocrites would be in hell.

To His disciples Jesus said, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy." The Saducees were dangerous because of their naturalism. Their leaven has always been a grave danger to the

sen you help her, Milly. She's gotta have things. Pears lak hit takes a heap o' things fer gals. Pears lak the more money we git, the more hit takes. Pears lak we used to git along a sight better—when we had none at all."

"Very well. Okeh," I said, confidently. "All right! I'll do it. That is—if Vi wants to go to Penmore."

Vi didn't speak but she nodded. We sat down again. I said, "Now, listen. I got a job at Hill Top," but got no further.

Ma interrupted, "We don't want you to go back thar."

I expected it and my heart stood still. I felt somehow that things were beginning to close in. I waited to hear what she had to say, "Milly, you 'member the day you an' Vi brought them ladies from the Mayfair to see my weavin'? Wal, I didn't like 'em. They made light o' you and Vi. They thought they're better'n you all air."

"You mean Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Page?" I asked.

"Yes, Milly. They ain't nobody got better blood than's in my fam'ly. . . . My Bible belonged to my fam'ly way back in England."

"I've heard that a thousand times," I said, wondering what she was driving at.

She went on, "Them ladies—they set me to thinkin'. They looked down on you an' Vi but—not on me." Triumphant.

"How do you figure that?" I asked, curiously.

"Because—I'm a married woman, the head o' a fam'ly an' home an' chillens. That gits respect. My home ain't sightly, but hits had a powe'ful lot o' livin' in hit."

Light dawned. "You want me to marry Jakie and be the head of his family?" I asked.

Ma nodded vigorously. "I don't lak that anybody should make light o' you and Vi. Yes, I'd ruther you married Jakie. He's ready an' he'd help us all."

I turned my face away, not to see the hurt in her eyes as I said, "Ma, I can't marry Jakie."

But she answered quickly, "Yes, you kin! You gotta!"

(To be continued)

church for it denies the possibility of the work which Jesus came to accomplish, but the leaven of the Pharisees is even more dangerous. They professed to believe what Jesus came to do, but they dissembled. They had a form of godliness but denied the power thereof. If we are to avoid their leaven we must possess truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden parts God must make us to know wisdom. James explains, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not. . . . But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." The great antidote to hypocrisy rests in Peter's words, "Wherefore, laying aside all malice and all guile and hypocrisies, as new born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word that ye may grow thereby." Christians who are born again and who feed upon the Bible will be kept free from hypocrisy. Be not a whitened sepulcher but be washed and made clean.

(Continued from page 41)

clined to let her father carry it. There was a moment's consultation on the sidewalk. But the small hands held the parcel tight. Then, stooping down, the father solved the problem. He lifted the child up in his arms, parcel and all, and they went on their way. Is not that what God does for His weary children?

Save us from depending too much on our poor powers. Lead us to avail ourselves of Thy divine grace so that true self-reliance may be ours. Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26

"THE PEACE OF GOD SHALL KEEP."
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:4-9.

PAUL was in prison in Rome. He might never be released. Yet when he wrote to cheer his friends in Philippi, he found his thought shaped by his environment. Chained to a soldier, night and day, he knew himself kept secure—kept from escape, but also from any who might have designs on his life. Then he saw that God's peace is like that. It is to the soul what the guard is to the prisoner. That is why he says, "The peace of God . . . shall garrison your hearts." To put ourselves, our affairs, our future, into the keeping of God, is to have a garrison set about the soul.

Just for today, we put ourselves into Thy hands. Let Thy peace enfold us, Thy love overshadow us. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27

"THE SON OF GOD WHO LOVED ME."
READ JOHN 19:13-19.

SOME visitors to the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau were anxious to take some pictures. They sought out Anton Lang, who had been the Christus, and asked him to pose, with the cross on his shoulder. But they were amazed at the weight of the rough beam. "Why is it necessary to make the cross so heavy?" they asked. Lang replied, "Could I faithfully portray Him who bore the cross for us if I did not feel its weight?" Yet although we can never know the real weight of our Saviour's cross, He knows the weight of ours. The blessed Lord gives us His gracious aid.

By Thy sufferings for us, by Thine un-failing understanding and sympathy, enable us bravely to carry our cross, without repining or complaint.

MONDAY, AUGUST 28

"THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST"
READ I CORINTHIANS 10:1-4

THOSE who have made the trip to Niagara's Cave of the Winds will recall their experiences. Drenched by the spray, breathless, and unable to open their eyes for a time, they groped their way along the narrow wooden bridge, leading behind the mighty wall of water. Then suddenly they found relief. Looking around, they discovered that they had passed between the sides of a great

mass of rock. It effectually sheltered them from the lashing waters. And they noted that, painted on a board, were the words, "The Rock of Ages." Such a refuge is the divine Son.

*"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee." Amen.*

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."
READ MATTHEW 28:9-20.

LIVINGSTONE, the famous missionary, had returned home. He was acclaimed on all sides. From Queen Victoria to her humblest subject, this hero of the cross was honored. As he addressed the students of Edinburgh, he said: "What has helped me to brave the hostility of fierce tribes, what has sustained me in years of jungle travel, in perils and sickness? The promise, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'" If it meant so much to him, what does it mean to us?

We bless Thy name for Thy thought for us. Enable us to walk this day in holy fellowship, that we may prove worthy of Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30

"I CHANGE NOT."
READ HEBREWS 1:5-12.

SPURGEON once noticed a weather-vane on the roof of a barn. There was nothing unusual in that. But what was unusual was the inscription under it, "God is love." He spoke to the old farmer whom he knew. "Just what do you mean by putting that text there? Do you think that God's love is changeable like that?" The farmer smiled. "You don't get it. What I mean is, that no matter which way the wind blows, God is still love." God's love never alters. Let us keep within the circle of His love and all shall be well.

We thank Thee for the assurance that nothing can separate us from Thy love.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31

"THE LORD IS ROUND ABOUT HIS PEOPLE."
READ PSALM 125.

THE famous artist, Da Vinci, knew that he was on his death-bed. But he was unprepared for the honor which came to him. The king of Italy came in person to cheer his last hours. As Da Vinci strove to raise himself in the bed, to show his respect for his royal visitor, a paroxysm seized him. The king flung his arms around the stricken man, in proof of his affection, and as the artist strove to express his gratitude for such a mark of favor, he expired in the embrace of his sovereign. But in life, as well as in death, the divine Father encompasses and supports the soul that reposes in His love.

Did we but trust Thee, O Father, as we should! Help us this day to know Thy nearness, and all that mars our peace shall be kept afar. Amen.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR AUGUST

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

AUGUST 6

Elijah: A Life of Courage

I KINGS 18:1-46

Printed Lesson, I Kings 18:30-39

THE first picture of this plain, bold man known as Elijah, the stern prophet, is of his appearance before King Ahab to prophesy a long drought to be brought on by the Lord God of Israel. There is no record of the conversation, but it made a deep impression on the king, for when the famine became widespread, search was made for Elijah as the responsible person.

The second picture describes the meeting of the king and the prophet three years later, and this quickly enlarges to include the contest with the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel. This chapter tells its best story by repeated reading; its fine points of narrative and argument are not obvious to the quick and casual glance.

1. Diplomacy and careful planning have their place in God's service. Elijah would have defeated his best ends had he rushed to Ahab without preliminary announcement through Obadiah. As it was, the prophet obtained a commanding position from the first, which he never relinquished.

2. There was benefit to Obadiah, too, as the messenger of Elijah, in the strengthening of his stand. Secretly an adherent of Jehovah, but fearful of his king's wrath, he needed the very courage which an alliance with Elijah would give him.

3. Elijah first showed his courage in his willingness to meet King Ahab, his relentless enemy, for it might easily lead to excite the even more wicked and blood-thirsty Queen Jezebel.

4. The reason for Elijah's courage is found in his confidence in the power of his God. When he declared to Obadiah, "As the Lord liveth, I will surely show myself to him this day," the prophet reflected the result of communion with Jehovah. To have risked it in his own strength would have been foolhardiness, not courage.

5. A guilty person is usually ready to blame someone else, and Ahab was no exception. He saw only the nearer cause for the long drought and famine—Elijah's prophecy about it. But he did not look behind Elijah's words to the real cause, the nation's apostasy and sin.

6. It was not enough to deny Ahab's charge about the "troubler of Israel." The time had come for a positive demonstration. It was now or never with the prophet.

7. The extent of the ravages of unbelief are evident from the amazing numbers of the priests of Baal and of Asherah. The wind of idolatry which first blew mild years before had now become the whirlwind of widespread apostasy. The very land, the very people which belonged to Jehovah of old now had gone over the enemy.

8. It is well to learn the difference between confidence and cocksureness. Elijah had a secret powerful alliance to make him know that he could not fail. Ahab and his cohorts depended on the impetus of their sweeping successes to carry them through once more.

9. Elijah had a keen sense of the value of sentiment. While he was gathering the twelve stones representing the twelve tribes of Israel, what thoughts must have coursed through the minds of the spectators!

10. The strongest appeal to the living God is a sincere, simple prayer. How we detest the ravings of the frenzied priests, and how we admire the prophet's amazingly brief and calmly spoken reach for the power of God!

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Did Elijah have avenues of approach to God which modern believers do not have?
2. What point in this narrative has the most practical lesson for you?
3. What contribution does this narrative make to the whole story of God's dealing with man?

AUGUST 13

Elisha: A Life of Helpfulness

II KINGS 5:1-27

Printed Lesson, II Kings 5:1-10, 14

FOR the most part, Elisha's miracles were full of blessing. He healed the impure waters, that men might drink (II Kings 2:19-22); made poisoned food edible (4:38-41); aided a distracted widow (4:1-7); multiplied food for a hundred men (4:42-44); restored a dead boy to the bosom of his mother (4:8-37); and rewarded the faith of a proud warrior by removing a dread disease from him. In this particular of blessing many people his miracles remind us of those of the Saviour.

One wonders whether Naaman would ever have been saved if the captive maid of Israel had kept silent about what was in her heart.

1. Fame because of military prowess is by no means a modern achievement. Naaman was "a great man," and stood in well with his king, because he was a victorious soldier. It is hard to resist the temptation to worship physical strength, and to count as great benefactors those whose hands are stained with blood.

2. There is always another side to every human picture. "Naaman, honored by the king, honored by the people, going forth with a guard of honor whenever he appeared, is yet a broken man."

3. Leprosy was and is a terrible scourge. In ancient days it knew no cure but that of widely separated miracles. Its likeness to sin is apt because of its devastation and the final ruin which it brings. As no man can cure leprosy by his own efforts, neither can the blighting effects of sin be self-removed.

4. The captive maid was most useful at the time when she felt the most forsaken. Snatched from her home, forced into slavery, how could she picture any blessing coming from her own life? One should never despair of finding a way to God's will even under the most forbidding circumstances.

5. The maid of Israel offers perpetual encouragement to every Christian to speak the simple, timely word about the saving Christ. She remembered the miracles which Elisha, the man of God, had wrought in Samaria. She had faith in his power, and knew his spirit of helpfulness. Why should she not venture that Elisha would help her needy master?

6. Naaman never would have been cured had he not acted on his own accord. Salvation is not one-sided. God only does His part—no more—and man must do his.

7. Roundabout methods (the king of Syria writing a letter to the king of Israel) nearly thwarted the cure. Only Elisha's timely understanding of the error and the trial of the direct plan—Naaman to Elisha—rather than the indirect, prepared the way for victory.

8. Elisha truly represented God when he refused to be moved by pomp and power. The simplicity of the prophet's command is in marked contrast to the statement of what Naaman expected. The soldier was accustomed to *hard* tasks, to showy display, to crowds of people. But the simple way is often more demanding than the showy way.

9. National pride was no part of Naaman's salvation. Abana and Pharpar are never better than Jordan when Jordan represents the will of God. No man can name the terms of his escape from sin.

10. Two victories were won as Naaman yielded to good advice and went humbly to Jordan. The first was victory over his pride. The second was victory over his disease. Neither could be complete without the other.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why is the maid of Israel deserving of our praise?
2. How did Elisha discover the tension brought upon the king of Israel?
3. What are modern substitutes for the simple conditions of attaining salvation?
4. How do you connect Elisha, who was not present, with the healing of Naaman in the Jordan?

AUGUST 20 Beverage Alcohol and the Community

(A social aspect of the liquor problem)

Joel 1:5-7; Dan. 5:1-5, 17, 25-28

JOEL wrote his prophecy at a time of severe national calamity. There had been a visitation of locusts of unusual severity. In numbers and in the devastation wrought, this scourge eclipsed all others.

For our purposes the figure of the destroying locusts in Judah represents the equally devastating and ravaging traffic in alcoholic liquor in any land. The terms used to describe the horde coming through the air are none too strong to apply to alcohol.

The passage from Daniel is even more dramatic. "While Belshazzar and his lords are at a feast, impiously drinking their wine from cups which had belonged once to the Temple at Jerusalem, the fingers of a man's hand appear writing on the wall. The king, in alarm, summons his wise men to interpret what was written, but they are unable to do so. At the sug-

gestion of the queen Daniel is called, who interprets the words to signify that the days of Belshazzar's kingdom are numbered, and that it is about to be given to the Medes and the Persians. The same night Belshazzar is slain, and 'Darius the Mede' receives the kingdom." (Driver, *Book of Daniel*.)

Again the figurative language applies directly. Liquor is not only the basis of revelry and self-gratification, but it shows no conscience when it comes to degrading religion and spiritual things. Liquor closes eyes and hearts to nearby opportunities, and alas! to approaching dangers. The king drunken in his revelry cannot sense the approach of his destroying enemy. Neither can a nation, or a group, or an individual avoid the social penalty to be paid when alcohol does its work.

Charts and figures recently prepared by Judge Joseph T. Zottoli of the Municipal Court of the City of Boston (Mass.) may be considered as fairly typical of similar conditions in any large American city. They relate to commitments to jail, House of Correction, and State Farm for the years 1917 to 1937. In 1917 the number of such commitments was 2,189; then the number declined during the war and the beginning of Prohibition until it reached a low of 213 in 1920. This was the year after the passage of the Prohibition Amendment, and when Prohibition was taken seriously. Then the figures slowly rose, and since repeal they have eclipsed the highest figures in pre-Prohibition days. In 1937 the number of commitments was 2,740, more than ten times as many as in 1920 (under prohibition), and twenty-five per cent higher than in 1917, which represented the height of former liquor days. Judge Zottoli's terse comment on these and other figures is: "Thus it appears that about ninety per cent of prison population may be charged to liquor." This is but one of the social liabilities of the reign of alcohol.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How would you answer the argument that liquor pays its way, and more?
2. Who pays the drink bill of the United States, and in what sort of currency?
3. What is your own observation as to the effects of alcohol on workers?
4. Are crime, insanity, sexual diseases, and similar scourges necessary evils in our country? Why?

AUGUST 27 Uzziah: A King Who Forgot God

II CHRONICLES 26

Printed Lesson, 2 Chron. 26:3-5, 16-21

UZZIAH'S claim to fame rests on the works which he did for Judah in extending its borders by conquest, in building up its defenses, in encouraging husbandry, in being puffed up with pride so that he exercised the priestly function and office, and in being stricken with leprosy for his wilfulness.

It was unusual to have a boy come to the throne at the age of sixteen, and some of the things accomplished in the early part of his reign point to his marked abilities. He is referred to as "equally

(Continued on page 55)

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY

Paul Maynard

"Grandfather" Is Correct

Brookline, Mass.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I call your attention to what seems to be a practically impossible statement in your July issue, namely that President Roosevelt has received from a Mr. Archibald Kains of Ottawa a chest which Mr. Kain's brother Thomas stole from the White House in 1814.

I figure that if Thomas was 20 in 1814 and Archibald was 50 years younger than Thomas, which might be possible if he were a half brother, Archibald would now be 95. However, that is a very improbable theory and if true sufficiently remarkable so that you should have shared it with your readers along with the story of the chest. More likely Thomas was grandfather of Archibald.

Margaret Adams

Ottawa, Canada

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I am the grandson of Thomas Kains who, as paymaster of H. M. S. Devastation, took part in the attack on Washington in retaliation for the action of the American army in burning the town of York, now Toronto. The medicine chest which you mention came into my possession recently on the death of another grandson.

My wife, who is a descendant of Charles Wilson Peale, one of George Washington's captains, said at once, "That's to be given back," to which I had no objection; I arranged accordingly to return it. I have always felt that we are practically one people. . . . As for my grandfather; after the War of 1812, he came up to Canada, married and raised a family on the Ottawa, and in 1850 went again into active service as paymaster on H.M.S. Victory. He died in 1856.

Archibald C. Kains

A Fine Suggestion

Georgetown, Massachusetts

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

The Christian Endeavor Society (Senior) of this church enclosed money for a two-year subscription to *Christian Herald*, to be sent to the Peabody Library, Georgetown, Massachusetts.

This is a piece of missionary work in our town. The library trustees are pleased to receive the magazine.

Is this being done over the country? If not, why is it not a fine way to spread the Gospel in America? What greater need among us than a promotion of evangelism from coast to coast?

George W. Smart,
Minister First Baptist Church

Christian Herald is not sold on the newsstands. Therefore it seems to us that the placing of the magazine in the public library is a splendid method of making a little money go a long way in missionary work.



What Shall We Say?

Lusk, Wyoming

Editor Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I am accepting your renewal offer, not because I get much help from the paper, which seems to me to be too somnolent to arouse any fervor, and too inconsistent in presenting the claims of the starving with a very small per cent of the animation used in working for elegant suppers for the already over-fed, and elaborate church buildings; but because I am still hoping that somehow the only pretense of a religious, non-sectarian paper I know of may some time find itself.

Ella S. Watson

What can an editor say to a reader who issues such a blanket indictment, yet renews her subscription?

Miss Mabie's Article

Elk River, Wyoming

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I have just received the July issue of *Christian Herald* . . .

I should have hated to miss Eva Lips' article about the real conditions in the homeland, and the striking contrast of the article on Hollywood by Janet Mabie. I totally disagree with Miss Mabie on the idea that *Christian Herald* readers must go to the movies. I read about the stars, and am in deep sympathy with them, but I see no reason for absorbing the stuff that is flashed on the screen. Otherwise I like *Christian Herald* and learn much from its pages.

A. M.

Miss Mabie, of course, did not mean that our readers must go to the movies. She was merely supposing that most of them do go, at times.

We Appreciate This

Casey, Iowa

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I suppose letters of appreciation for the inspirational knowledge and material in *Christian Herald* are everyday affairs with you, but I want to add another.

In this age of . . . Christian laziness and indifference, I know my home-influenced principles and beliefs would not have lasted this long without the encouragement and inspiration received from this magazine—the timely articles, the poems (especially Grace Noll Crowell's,) and the serials. Just when I get down with the blues, thinking there aren't any young people my age (22-30) with true Christian standards of living, *Christian Herald* brings such characters into my life; I fill up with the gas of belief, and go on again. My father is a minister, and all of us four children had all that a religious and talented parentage could give us. This train-

ing lasted through four years of college, helping me to withstand the storms of unbelief and indifference encountered there. Now, since I am teaching far from home, and only receive their inspiration once a year, I'm grateful indeed for the *Herald*.
E. N. F.

People between the ages of twenty-two and thirty are usually so busy with home-building, baby-raising or job holding that it sometimes seems as if their church was being neglected. We know *Christian Herald* is helping to fill this sometimes unavoidable gap with thousands of young families.

Don't be discouraged, E.N.F. Just be patient. It is our conviction that the young folks of today will turn out to be better Christians tomorrow than our generation has been.

Teaching Temperance

Salem, New Jersey

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I was surprised to read in the last *Christian Herald* the editorial entitled, "Teach Temperance in the Schools." That editorial certainly gives the impression that Michigan and Utah are the only states where the law requires temperance teaching in the schools.

Mrs. Mary Hunt secured the passage of such a law in every state in the United States several years ago. As far as I know, these laws still stand in every state but one, which has so changed the law that the State Board of that state decides what shall be taught.

It does not follow, of course, that because a law is on the statute books it is always enforced, and I have been told that these laws are not enforced as they should be in many states.

Fannie Carpenter Hall

We will be very glad to hear from any of our readers on this subject. What is the situation in your state?

No Slight Intended

Des Moines, Iowa

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I am making a confession. I had decided that I could not continue the *Herald*; but when the last number came yesterday (July) and, as my habit is, I read most of it, including an hour or more after going to rest; and it so encouraged and cheered me that I feel I must have it. I want to mention four articles, particularly, which I read with much appreciation and delight: Eva Lips', "If Christ Came Back to Germany"; "Hollywood Has a Heart"; "Parade of Brotherhood"; and "Children's Paradise." I especially take delight in what you are doing for racial good will.

But only very rarely do you even include the Disciples of Christ in with other religious bodies—but that, likely, is because we are not strong in the Eastern States. Yet I cannot think that you do not know of the Disciples.

Sincerely,
Carl D. Davis

Christian Herald never intentionally slights any denomination, large or small. Some seem to develop more news than others.

great in the arts of peace and in those of war." He followed in the footsteps of his father, doing what was good in the sight of the Lord.

There is a reference in verse 5 which has great bearing on the character of Uzziah. It was that a prophet named Zechariah, a holy man of God, had good influence over the young king, and as long as Uzziah sought the Lord he had prosperity. This is a universal truth. Sometimes it is a parent, sometimes a teacher, sometimes a devout Christian who exercises a restraining and beneficent influence on youth. When the character is not sufficiently strong to go along without its guide, disaster follows success.

The following expeditions brought fame to Uzziah's years as king: (1) He restored the seaport town of Eloth, on the Red Sea, and by this possession he increased the prestige of his nation. (2) He successfully fought against the Philistines, and occupied some important territory there (v.6). (3) He fought against the wandering Arabs between southern Judea and Egypt, and when they were subdued he had peace on the southeast, south, and southwest. (4) There seems to have been no conquest against the Ammonites to the east, but they recognized Uzziah's power by gifts as vassal states.

This king not only had prestige abroad; he protected his own land against invasion. Mention is made of the strengthening of the walls of Jerusalem; of the building of towers of refuge in the desert places, to which the people might flee in time of trouble; of the digging of cisterns for the storage of water; of the increase of his "mighty men of valor" until their number reached 2,600; and of the maintenance of an army of 307,500 men. He modernized the army's equipment, so that his fame as a leader went far and wide.

We employ modern expressions which describe Uzziah's situation. "He could not stand prosperity," we say; or, "Success went to his head." No act of sin is recorded against him until nearly the close of his long life. "Wantonly and without excuse, he invaded the priestly office, not, like Saul, assuming priestly duties because the priest was absent (I Sam. 13:8-12), but, when there were scores of priests in and about the Temple, and the high priest himself was within call. The act was a flagrant assumption, not only of the priestly, but of the high-priestly office.

Azariah, the high priest, could not submit to such indignities, not even by the king, and at once took steps to set the king in his place. When Uzziah's anger rose and he was about to assert himself, God took a hand in it all, and struck the king with leprosy, so that all could learn the lesson. From that time Uzziah was separated from all other humans, "for he was cut off from the house of the Lord."

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Is military success a measure of greatness?
2. Do Christians prosper more than unbelievers?
3. What acts of presumption are common today?

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*Many of our readers will recognize "Checkers at the Farm," our cover this month, as one of the famous old Rogers groups, once so popular. Perhaps you have some one of these groups, stored away somewhere. If so, better hunt it up, for it may be very valuable today. We use this cover design through courtesy of the Travelers' Insurance Company.

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NEXT MONTH

Lively Librarian

By Clarence W. Hall

A live wire in Youngstown, Ohio



Jane Addams of the Philippines

By Richard Baker



Children's Home

By Charles Hanson Towne



Also Stanley High, Kenneth Brown, Ralph Meadowcroft, Grace Nies Fletcher, Margaret Sangster, Honoré Morrow and others.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Discouraging

Visitor (hungry): "And what time do you have dinner, my little man?"

Little Man: "Soon as you've gone, I heard mother say."

—Kablegrams.

Rare Ones

Housewife: "What do you work at, my poor man?"

Tramp: "Intervals, ma'am."

—Bangor Commercial.

The Main Thing

"Your hair will be gray if it keeps on."

"If it only keeps on I don't care what color it becomes."

—Exchange.

But Not Hot

He: "I have come a thousand miles through ice and snow with my dog team just to tell you I love you."

She: "That's a lot of mush."

—The Keel.

Legibility

Student (to Prof.): "What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Prof.: "I told you to write plainer."

—Exchange.

Gave Himself Away

But how did the police spot you in your woman's disguise?

I passed a milliner's shop without looking in at the window.

—Selected.

Oh!

"How long did it take you to learn to drive a motor-car?"

"Oh, three or four."

"Weeks?"

"No, motor-cars."

—Chicago News.

Of More Practical Use

Employer: "Say, boy, these are not references."

Office boy (trying for job): "But I thought they would be better. They're copies of my four grandparents' death certificates!"

—Kansas City Star.

Face Looked Familiar

An enthusiastic golfer came home to dinner. During the meal his wife said:

"Willie tells me he caddied for you this afternoon."

"Well, do you know," said Willie's father, "I thought I'd seen that boy before."

—The Keel.

Here's a Fish Story

Moe was trying to describe to his friend the kind of fish he had caught. "I tell you," he explained, "it was that long! I never saw such a fish in my life!"

"I believe you," answered his friend.

—Kablegrams.

Simple

Professor: "The right leg of the patient is shorter than the left, causing him to limp. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?"

Medical Student: "I'd limp too."

—N. Y. Evening Post.

The Ruling Passion

Levy, on his death bed, and almost with his last breath, says, feebly,

"Rebecca, are you there?"

"Yes, papa, I'm here."

"Where's Jakie?"

"I'm here, father."

"Where's Sam?"

"I'm here, too, father—we're all here."

Levy, trying to struggle up:

"Then, I ask you, who's taking care of the store?"

—Exchange.

Lip-reading Lesson

Red Head: "I hate that man."

Blonde: "Why, what has happened? I thought you liked him so much?"

R. H.: "He said I couldn't whistle and just to show him I could, I puckered up my mouth just as sweet and round, and what do you think he did?"

Blonde (blushing): "How should I know?"

R. H.: "Well, he just let me whistle."

—Kablegrams.

He Told Her

A woman went to see a doctor. "Doctor," she exclaimed loudly, bouncing into the room, "Tell me frankly what's wrong with me."

He surveyed her from head to foot.

"Madam," he said at length, "I've just three things to tell you. First, your weight wants reducing by nearly fifty pounds. Secondly, your beauty would be improved by freer use of soap and water. And, thirdly, I'm an artist; the doctor lives on the next floor."

—Exchange.